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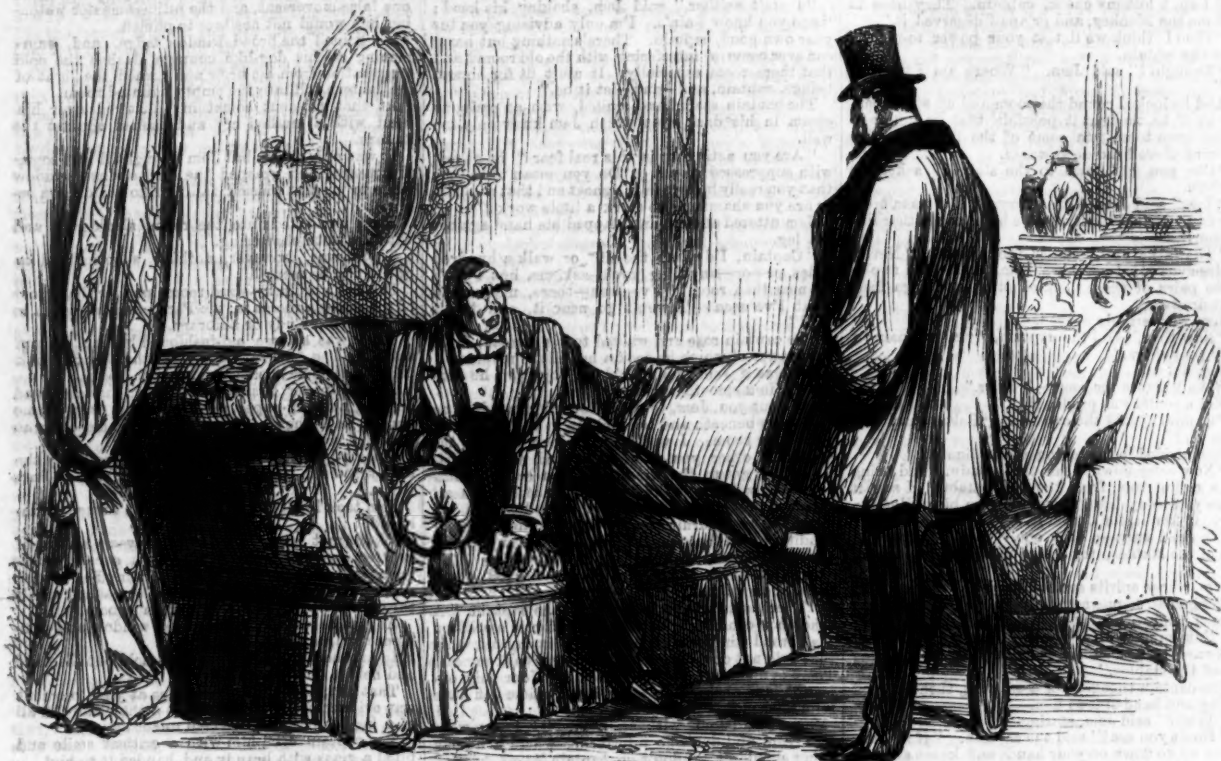
THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION?

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE MAN AND THE GENTLEMAN.]

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

BY
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AUTHOR OF

"Only Country Love," "The Gipsy Peer," "Fickle Fortune," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

Courage at the best is shared by good and ill,
And flows from various results.
Mock courage a bad man may feel
Or strong drink inspire.

Up to this time the captain, as has been said, had been making holiday. He had been resting after his exertions for his country in the stone quarries at Portland, enjoying a little quiet repose amidst the luxuries and beauties of the Park. But while he had been reposing he had not allowed himself to be lulled into a false sense of security.

He was fully aware that the position which he occupied at Penruddie was intangible and untenable.

He was, though John Mildmay's oldest and best-loved friend, only a visitor at the Park, and a guest of Mrs. Mildmay.

But the captain had determined from the first to change the position from that of a guest on sufferance to one of power and possession.

Hitherto he had been recrafting himself, strengthening himself for the effort which must now be made, and he had been amused with the little comedy of love and pride and cross-purposes which had been playing before his eyes.

He knew that Leicester Dodson, if not already in love with beautiful Violet Mildmay, required only the incentive of opposition to become so.

The captain by that skilful appearance and interfering speech on the balcony had supplied that last touch, and Leicester's well-balanced reserve and worldly wisdom and, alas, selfishness—for even heroes are selfish until love takes up the harp of life and strikes the chord of self—had fallen into the abyss of lost resolutions.

Now, at the moment of his drawing Violet's arm kindly and protectingly on his he was deeply, madly in love with her.

Captain Murpoint, as he leant back in the carriage returning to the Park, watched from between his half-closed lids the thoughtful, pensive face of the girl who was usually so light-hearted, careless, and talkative.

"Is she in love with him?" he asked himself. "What a pity it is one cannot pick the secret chamber of a woman's heart as he picks a door-lock! I hope she may be; love is blind for all but the adored one, and Miss Violet's eyes will have no regard for me in my little game while they are fixed on the brave and stoical Leicester."

While these thoughts were running through his active brain the captain was doing his best to make himself agreeable and to lessen the tedium of the homeward ride.

He agreed with Mrs. Mildmay that the Lacklands were charming people, and that Coombe Lodge was a miracle of good taste, and evidenced in all its aspect high breeding. He praised the night and Violet's songs to Violet herself, and was so delicately and respectfully anxious concerning her shawls and wraps that Violet, who had shared Leicester's repugnance to the captain's officious interference on the terrace, could not but admit to herself that, after all, Captain Murpoint had erred only in excess of zeal, and that he had meant well and kindly.

Poor Violet, it was not until some time afterwards that she knew how cunning a spider was the considerate and well-bred Howard Murpoint.

Both the ladies were tired when they reached home, and ascended to their rooms, to which Captain Murpoint insisted upon carrying their silver candlesticks. Then, when he had heard the key turned in their respective chambers, he glided off to his own.

On the sofa sat Jem fast asleep, his head on his arm, and his thick muscular hands (which still above the wrists bore the marks of the gang-chain) clenched at his side.

The captain looked down upon him, and then, glancing at a mirror which reflected his own elegant

figure in its well-made evening dress, smiled with the supreme enjoyment of superiority.

"Strange!" he muttered, stroking his moustache, "what a different handiwork nature can turn out! Who would think, looking at my friend Mr. Starling and at me, that we were both of the same genus? Bah! we are not! One is the man, the other is the gentleman!"

Then he laid his white hand (which also, under the broad wristband, bore the tell-tale mark) upon Jem's shoulder.

Jem started up with an exclamation and an expression of fear so palpable that Captain Murpoint looked at him with some attention.

"Asleep, man," he said, rallying him in a soft, mocking voice. "You have been asleep for some weeks, my friend. It is time you, and I also, woke up."

Jem made no reply, but came forward to take off his master's coat.

But the captain stopped him by a gesture.

"Wait. Let me look at you. Hem! Penruddie air—the sea breeze doesn't agree with you. You looked better on the other coast. Do you drink?"

"No, captain, I don't," said Jem, grimly shaking his head.

"I'm glad of it," said the captain, eyeing him from the corners of his eyes. "What is it, then? Are you in love?"

Jem grinned, but not very merrily.

"No? Then I can't guess, unless I hazard that you are tired of a gentleman's life and of doing nothing. If that be so, cheer up. There is work to do."

"I'm glad of it," said Jem, with an oath and with a transient gleam of interest. "Praps I am tired of doing nothing. Praps a chap with a high imagination, which I allus had, gets fancying some things when he ain't got anything sensible to think of. No work and all play makes Jem a dull boy. What's in hand, captain?"

"Give me a cigar and some brandy," said the captain, throwing the key of a private little cellaret across the room.

Jem produced the required articles, and the cap-

tain, lighting his cigar, smoked for some time in silence, during which Jim busied himself in putting away the coat and waistcoat, which, upon further consideration, the captain had removed.

At last, when the cigar was half consumed, the captain's face relapsed into its usual smiling placidity, and he said:

"Jem, you used to be able to climb. I have seen you cling to the cliffs like a bat, with your eyebrows. Have you lost that art?"

Jem shook his head.

"No," he said. "I'm pretty strong in this arm and I ain't lost my cheek, captain. They used to call me the Monkey, and praps I deserved it."

"Then I think we'll test your power to-night," said the captain.

"To-night?" said Jem. "Where am I to climb to?"

And he looked round the room and up at the ceiling as if he thought it possible that he might be called upon to imitate some of the flies that were clinging there head downwards.

"Can you get down to the stable?" asked the captain.

"Yes," said Jem, with a frown, "if it wasn't for the dog. He's a beast, and he hates each other like poison!"

"That's natural," smiled the captain. "Nevertheless you must get down, Jem. Reach me two or three pairs of those thick shooting-stockings from that drawer."

Jem wonderingly obeyed.

"Now then," said the captain, "put two pair on over your shoes."

Jem did so.

"Walk across the room—heavier."

Not a sound was produced.

"Capital!" said the captain. "Better than flat, Jem, eh?"

Jem nodded in approving admiration.

"Now creep down," said the captain, "and bring me a doll of rope from the large stable. I saw it there yesterday, hung above the corn bin. Here's a key. It fits it, for I tried it. There's a lantern, too, I shall want—a dark one. You'll find one in one of the stables, for I saw the groom trimming it."

Jem, whose spirits seemed to rise at the prospect of congenial employment, was about to start, but paused, and with a little hesitation said:

"But suppose I'm nabbed, captain? Rather awkward to be caught in muffled boots shuffling round the stables."

The captain thought for a moment, then drew off a ring and handed it to him.

"Well?" said Jem, staring.

"Don't you see?" said the captain. "If any one turns up go down on your hands and knees and say you are looking for my ring which I lost to-day. While they are looking on or helping, pick it up. That will avert all suspicion."

"Pon my soul, it's wonderful; that's what it is!" said Jem, with ecstatic admiration of the captain's cleverness, and he departed.

Notwithstanding his outward calm, the captain spent the interval of his absence with some little qualms of mistrustful excitement.

Everything depended upon the success of this stratagem, and Jem, though rich in courage, was poor in wisdom.

But the schemer's suspense was not of long duration.

After the lapse of half an hour his quick ears caught the dull, muffled sound of the stockinged feet, and he sprang up as Jem entered with the coil of rope and the lantern.

"You alarmed no one?" said the captain.

"Not a soul," said Jem, with great triumph.

"Then you may keep the ring," said the captain, and he stopped Jem's thanks by adding:

"Now for the gymnastics. Have you studied the house, Jem?"

"Yes, rather," said Mr. Starling. "It ain't in me when I look at a house not to calculate the best way of getting into it and out of it. I know every turn of it."

"The old part as well as the new?"

Jem hesitated, and a certain air of reserve—he was thinking of that dreadful vision in the old window—crept over him.

"No, I can't say as I knows much of the old place," he said, looking down.

The captain nodded.

"Neither do I; so I want you to find out something to-night, Jem."

Mr. Starling raised his eyes with an unmistakable look of distaste, but the captain did not notice it, and went on, in his slow, soft way:

"Next to this room," and he touched the wall with his white forefinger, "there is an empty room which has been closed, screwed up, for years. I want to find a way of getting into that room on the quiet. I want to creep in there one night and out of it like a ghost—Why, what in the name of Jupiter is the matter with you?" he broke off to

exclaim, for Jem's face had got as white as the supernatural phenomenon he, the captain, wished to imitate, and his eyes were fixed with horror and disquietude. "What's the matter with you, you idiot?"

"Don't, captain! Don't!" said Jem, hoarsely, and with impressive awe. "Don't go interfering with the room, nor the old place at all! Let it alone, captain; for the love of Heaven let it alone!"

Captain Howard Murpoint stared.

"Are you mad or tipsy?" he asked, with a deep frown.

"I ain't neither," said Jem, shaking his head; "and you know I ain't. I'm only advising you for your own good, captain. There's nothing but harm can ever come of interfering with the old rooms, and that there room especially. It ain't fit for human beings, captain, and—and—let it be."

The captain stared and smiled, with an ominous gleam in his dark eyes which Jem knew only too well.

"Are you acting, or is this real fear?" he asked, with suppressed anger. "Do you mean to tell me that you really believe in the ghost and that rubbish, or are you shamming to shirk a little work?"

Jem uttered an oath and slapped his hand against his leg.

"Captain, I'd climb the cliff, or walk a hundred miles, or—or—anything you'd ask me, but I can't go near that room! I've seen—there, never mind what I've seen! I won't go near it, and that's flat!"

The captain rose and walked to his bureau, from the drawer of which he took a neat little revolver.

Then as if Jem had offered no objection he continued, in a smooth voice:

"I want you, Jem, to drop from this window on to the ivy beneath and to climb up to the window of the empty room. I will hold the one end of the rope, the other you shall tie round your waist. When you get to the window—which has no shutters—you will throw the light from the lantern all round the room and ascertain in what direction the door lies, what furniture the room contains, and its condition. In fact you shall give me a complete description of it."

Jem looked on the carpet with a dogged obstinacy, and said nothing.

"There is no danger," continued the captain. "A schoolboy could cling to that ivy and gain a seat on that broad window sill. I could do it myself, only that I do not choose to keep a dog and bark myself. There is no danger, there is no risk. Your only objection is so absurd a one that by this time you have relinquished it. Do you go?"

"No," said Jem, with an oath. "I know what I've seen, and don't go interfering where a human being shouldn't. I don't go, captain."

The captain took out his watch and chain and dropped them on the floor.

"Very good," he said, raising the revolver with calm but suppressed passion, "this is the only thing I have asked you to do in return for all I have done for you. You ear, I saved you from the chain-gang. I have fed you, clothed you, made a man of you, and like an overfed dog you turn, do you? Move a step"—for Jem, stung by the truth in the taunt, had with a scowl advanced a step—"move an inch and I'll shoot you without farther parley! I'll shoot you as it is," he continued, taking accurate aim.

"If you dare to disobey me, I'll shoot you and summon the house to hear me tell how you attacked me for my watch. The watch lies there, where it fell during our struggle; my ring, which you stole from my finger while I slept, is in your pocket; you are muffled like a burglar, and you have burglarious instruments in your hands. You see, Jem, you die shot through the head, and everybody believes I shot you in self-defence."

Jem gradually grew white with mingled awe and fear.

He flung his hand down upon the table with an oath.

"I'll do it," he swore. "You're worse than a ghost, captain, you're worse than the very fiend himself. Sometimes I do believe you are him. I'll do it; I can't stand against you, it's no use, ghost or no ghost I must agree in. Ring, watch, these 'ere stockings on—a welp me, you planned it all!"

The captain smiled, but instead of retort uncoiled the rope, and by a gesture bade his tool fasten it round his waist. Then he oiled the window sashes so that the window might go up easily, lit the lantern, and after a long, breathless pause of listening motioned to Jem to let himself down.

Not a word was spoken.

Jem's face grew very white, even to the lips, but the captain's revolver was within his arm's reach, and Jem knew that fiendish story was more plausible than ever each successive moment.

He must obey though a legion of white nuns were waiting at the haunted window to snatch him from the world.

With intense interest, which was perfectly hidden

under a calm, almost indifferent bearing, the captain watched his accomplice, as Jem, with monkey-like agility, dropped on to the thick boles of the ivy and clung to the stems as they in turn clung to the old walls.

Then he saw him rise hand over hand towards the window.

An awful moment it was for Jem.

He felt almost paralyzed with fearful horror. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and his eyes felt hot and brimming.

But he knew that one cry, one step of hesitation, one false movement, and the pitiless master watching him would not hesitate to punish.

He gained the broad window ledge, and, summoning all his dog-like courage, dashed the cold perspiration from his brow and turned the light of the lantern full into the empty haunted room.

At that moment something fluttered over his head with a muffled cry and dashed against the lantern.

It was only a bat, but Jem thought it was something else, and grasped the dirt-stained window ledge to prevent himself falling into the depths below.

Then he looked into the room, shuddering and with his teeth chattering.

There was, however, nothing supernatural or ghostly to be seen.

It was an ordinary-sized room, smaller than most of the modern rooms in the Park, and furnished in the style of a study or a library.

There was a large old-fashioned bureau, an iron safe, half a dozen heavy, leather-backed oak chairs and some shelves loaded with books.

A waste-paper basket stood under the table, and on the blotting-paper upon the desk were some papers, as if they had been left by some one who intended returning within half an hour.

Upon all, table, desk, chairs, bureau, safe, lay the dust scattered by the hand of Time, half an inch thick.

Jem took in all the details and then turned to descend.

With great care, for descending was a matter of greater danger and difficulty than ascending, he clambered down the ivy, his lantern muffled and his supply of light confined to that streaming thinly through the window of the captain's room.

At last he was under the open window and commenced the descent.

In another moment the captain held out his hand and helped him into the room.

That he needed that assistance at that moment was evident, for he staggered to a chair and fell all of a heap, shaking like a man under age.

The captain eyed him with a critical smile and filled a glass with brandy and handed it to him.

Jem tossed it off quickly, then shuddered, shook himself and looked up eagerly.

"That's better!" said the captain, in a cheerful whisper. "The ghosts haven't quite killed you, Jem! Pshaw! A man with such muscle and such experience should be above such childish fears. Now, man, another glass, and then for the description."

Jem, at first sullenly, but presently with some interest, described the room.

The captain asked question after question, all the while drawing on a piece of paper. At last when he had got all the information which Jem could possibly give he held out the piece of paper.

"Is that like it?" he said, with a smile.

Jem stared.

"It's the very room!" he exclaimed, wondrously struck. "The furniture ain't quite like, but every bit on it shows in the proper place, and, s'welp me, captain, you must be Old Nick!"

"Perhaps," said the captain, with a smile. "And now you may go to bed."

Jem, without farther parley, slipped off the rope and the stockings, and, still in a mass of fear, cunning, and admiration, departed.

The captain lit another cigar, and sat smiling at his paper until the dawn crept up from the East.

"When rogues lie awake," says an old proverb, "let honest men beware!"

CHAPTER XV.

There she sits, a thing of beauty, touching the emerald sea.
Like a gull sitting to her lover. Oh, Freedom, thou art personified.

"Yes," said Leicester, staring at himself in his shaving-glass the morning after the dinner at Coombe Lodge. "That is the question. Do I love her? If not, why when I am awake do I think over every little trivial word she has spoken, recall every expression of her face that accompanied it; and also when I am asleep do I dream of her, see her face, with its deep, pure eyes, all through the night? If I asked Bertie he would say that I do love her, and yet to myself I distrust myself. I cannot bring myself to acknowledge that I, the selfish, egotistical Leicester, truly and madly love a

girl, sweet-faced, violet-eyed angel though she be. Madly I said, and madly it must be. It is not in me to do or feel anything by halves. I must be hot and eager in action, thought and emotion, notwithstanding my seeming frigidity. Now," and his handsome face frowned, candidly, "I hate Captain Howard Murpoint. It's wicked, I know it is, but I hate him in spite of my principles. And why? Because forsooth he has bored me a great deal, and come between some promising tête-à-tête with Violet Mildmay? No, I hate him for something more. I feel that antipathy to him of which Violet spoke, and feel when I look at his dark, shifting eyes that he has the face of a mask, and when he takes my hand that it is not the grasp of an honest hand."

Then he went on shaving and continued: "He hates me too, in return—bit for tat. Behind that civil smile when he came out to take her away from me there was a world of spite and malice. I saw it and he knew that I saw it. What is his game? He is young; can he meditate anything against Violet?"

As he thought he gave such a twist of the razor that his handsome, decided-looking nose was for the moment in imminent peril of amputation.

"No! Impossible! And yet is it so? No, I think not, though he steps in between her and me he throws Fitz Boisdales across her path and evidently has no objection to her being familiar with him. Does he want to marry her to the young lord? Why should he? For what I can see he has nothing to gain, and I cannot believe that he is disinterested. Why cannot I? Why should I suppose the man a villain because he bores me and interferes to prevent me making myself agreeable to his old friend's daughter? Pahaw!" and practical, common-sense Leicester shut up his razor with a snap as he endeavored to dispel the idea of the captain's being a villain from his mind. "He is only a bore, who for old friendship's sake would like to see his chum's daughter made a lady of. I know nothing against him, and I have no right to vilify him even in my own mind. But," he added to himself with great determination, "two can play at the captain's game, and I'll have a hand in it. He has made up his mind that I shall not see much of Violet, and I have made up my mind that I will, and we'll see who wins."

Just then came a knock at the door. "Come in," said Leicester, thinking it was his valet, "you are a nice, active body servant, William. I'm half dressed, and—Hullo! it's you, is it?" he broke off as Bertie entered the room.

"Yes; you're out your face, old fellow." "Thank you for nothing; my glass told me that," said Leicester. "I never could shave myself, and William hasn't condescended to get up. I couldn't lie in bed such a morning as this, and you couldn't either, evidently."

"No," said Bertie, eagerly. "I say, Les, what a day this would be for the yachting trip."

Leicester smiled. "Wind's in the right quarter for a good blow," he said.

"I wonder now," said Bertie, hesitatingly, "if Mrs. Mildmay would like a—"

"You mean Lady Ethel," interrupted Leicester, with a smile.

Bertie's frank face flushed.

"Well, both of them," he said. "Suppose you ride over to the Lodge and bring Fitz and her over here while I go down to the Park and ask Mrs. Mildmay and the captain, and of course Miss Violet."

"Suppose you ride over yourself," retorted Leicester.

Bertie shook his head with sad significance.

"That wouldn't do," he said. "Do you think Lady Lackland would trust Ethel—I mean Lady Boisdales to me, even though Fitz was with her? No! You go over and she won't say no; but if I go the sun will be too hot, or the trip too much, or something."

"Yes, have your own way, obstinate," said Leicester, and so after breakfast he mounted his hunter and rode over to Coombe Lodge.

As he was starting he said to Bertie:

"Don't bring the captain, but if he offer to come—"

"Well?" said Bertie, with a smile. "What shall I say?"

"Tell him I'll pitch him overboard," said Leicester, grimly. "Manage as you can, but don't bring him, or I swear I'll sink the boat and drown the lot of you."

"Miss Violet included?" said Bertie.

"Pahaw!" said Leicester, and off he started.

But Bertie had to make no such threat.

When he got over to the Park he found that the captain had gone out on urgent business.

Mrs. Mildmay, when asked if she would take the trip, looked over to Violet, who gave a quiet affirmative, and Bertie, trusting Leicester had been similarly lucky in his embassy, bore the ladies off to the beach.

Bertie hailed the captain's boat, and before it had rowed from the yacht to the shore Lord Fitz's dog-cart came rattling down the rural parade.

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Violet, as Ethel sprang lightly down. "I was so afraid you would not come."

Ethel smiled.

"So was I, I must confess," she said. "Mamma has a nervous dread of the sea; but when Mr. Leicester said he had sailed all round the world—"

"Ahem!" said Leicester, wickedly.

"I'm afraid Mr. Leicester was drawing the long bow," said Violet, laughing.

"Forgive me," said Leicester, who had hold of her hand at the moment, "or if you will not I will sail all round in penance."

Then he handed them into the little boat, and, giving the word to the two men who rowed her, looked up at the sky with a smile of enjoyment which his grave face was rather a stranger to.

Fitz had shaken hands, but had been too much engaged in answering Mrs. Mildmay's inquiries after Lady Lackland's health to join in the conversation of the younger folk, but he looked particularly nervous and happy, and glanced slyly at Violet at intervals.

When the gentlemen had skilfully assisted the ladies on deck a chorus of delighted admiration rewarded them.

"How beautiful," said Violet. "Why, I thought a ship was always dirty and in disorder. But this is as clean and neat as a lady's workbox."

"Neater, I hope, or I shall have to discharge my sailing master," said Leicester, smiling.

Violet and Ethel went from one end of the little vessel to the other, delighted with the novelty.

"Isn't it deliciously neat?" said Violet. "See, everything has its place and fits it exactly. And look at the sailors! They are in pictures or at the theatre. And those rugs spread out there are for us to sit upon, I suppose. Look! Mr. Fairfax has made mamma comfortable already. How kind he is!"

"Do you think so?" said Ethel, rather absently.

"Will you come below, ladies?" said Leicester, touching his cap with a nautical gravity.

Down below there was more matter for surprise than they had found on deck, and they were speechless with astonishment as Leicester flung open the door of the state cabin.

"Why," said Violet, "this is like a page out of an Oriental fairy story. All white and blue and gold and silver. And are those cushions silk?"

"I believe so," said Leicester. "To tell you the truth I don't think I have sat upon them. You shall see the other saloon directly."

"Oh, not yet," said Lady Ethel. "Let us stay here a little while."

Violet seated herself upon one of the tiny little settees and looked round with eyes alight with pleasure and excitement, the blue and white and gold decorations and hangings forming a harmonious background for her sweet face.

Leicester, as he lounged against the doorway, thought he had never seen a more delicious picture, and Bertie, glancing from her to Ethel, was speechless.

"And so these are the hardships which you undergo," said Violet, archly. "Poor sailors—nothing but silk and satin to sit upon and only four mirrors in ornate apices! Oh, it is shocking!"

And her bright, musical laughter rippled out so earnestly that the others chimed in.

"And all those drawers, what are inside them?"

"That's a secret," said Bertie. "I don't believe Les knows himself."

"That I don't," said Leicester, "but some one on board does. You see that little fellow—"

"Who looks as if he had stepped out of a band-box," said Violet, in parenthesis.

"He's the purser and cook: he's a marvel, a magician, as you shall see; but they are getting ready to weigh anchor."

Ethel and Violet with evident reluctance rose to leave the fancy bower.

On their way up the gangway Ethel said:

"What's that dark place there?"

"That," said Leicester, "is my berth."

Violet opened her eyes.

"Do you really sleep in that dismal hole when you can have that beautiful little cabin?"

"Yes," said Leicester. "We leave that for the ladies: we might pick some up, you know, at sea shipwrecked. But come and see them weigh anchor," and he hurried them up the gangway.

On deck was Fitz still on duty with Mrs. Mildmay, but he made up courage to sit by Violet's side while Leicester was giving orders.

To the happy light-hearted girls it was all a delicious novelty, and the fairy vessel, the prettily dressed crew, and above all the grave-faced Leicester in his pilot jacket sailing out the orders in his deep bass, commanding voice, seemed part and parcel of a pleasant dream.

"Heave ho! Heave ho!" and up came the anchor.

Then at a word from Leicester her white graceful sails fluttered out to the winds, and the bird-like "Petrol" with a graceful toss, as if in laughing delight at her freedom, went off before the summer breeze.

Fitz understood yachting as he did hunting, shooting, and all manly sports, and while Leicester gave the orders and sailed the vessel Fitz explained the different technical terms, taking a great deal of trouble to make the matter clear to Violet.

She was grateful to him, and interested, and as she was not in love with Mr. Leicester Dodson yet, her face was as bright to Fitz as to him, and when the owner of the yacht came with the rugs he found her quite occupied laughing with Fitz.

Bertie had scoured Ethel, and at some little distance apart was talking as only he knew how to talk.

Leicester therefore had Mrs. Mildmay left to him, and, like a gallant gentleman, amused her.

He was not of a jealous disposition, and he was satisfied if Violet was happy; but after a little while he came up to Fitz's side.

"Miss Mildmay would like to see how the yacht is steered. Show her the wheel, Fitz."

"You do the honours," said Fitz, good-naturedly.

"You understand them best."

Mr. Leicester took her to the wheel and explained it.

"How I should like to steer!" she said. "I am ambitious, and not to be encouraged."

"Yes," said Leicester, "it is a laudable ambition. Take hold of the wheel and I will show you."

The instruction being done more by the hand than the voice it followed that Leicester's strong, firm fingers came in contact with Violet's white, soft, gloved ones very frequently.

"You must take your gloves off," he said; "it does not look business-like."

"Must I?" she said, and she drew them off with a smile.

"That's better," said Leicester, with wicked unconsciousness as his hand touched her warm one, and he found himself wondering how he should feel if he had the right to hold that tiny hand for life.

Sweet moments, as well as sad ones, must come to an end.

There arose suddenly upon the flash of the sea, the flap of the sails, and the murmur of the conversation, the musical notes of the ship's bell.

"Luncheon," said Leicester.

"I'm delighted!" said Bertie. "Another half-hour and I should have been compelled to dive below for a captain's biscuit. There's a good deal of consolation in a captain's biscuit, Lady Boisdales. It's too hard to eat, you know, but as a missile to pelt Leicester with it is most effective."

"Where are we to have luncheon?" said Mrs. Mildmay, "on deck?"

"No, below," said Leicester. "It is nice and cool and more comfortable."

So they all "tumbled down," said Bertie, into the saloon, on entering which the ladies were again transfixed with astonishment.

The drawers had divulged their secrets.

The table glittered with cut glass, plate, lowers, and a luncheon fit for the Caliph of Bagdad himself.

Never had that little bower of luxury ever been filled with sweeter voices or lighter laughter.

It was all delightful, from the lobsters that would roll about as if they were alive to the champagne which popped about the cabin like mimic guns of distress, Violet declared; and Leicester, seated next her, was heard to laugh aloud at one of Bertie's jokes—a thing unknown hitherto.

"Now suppose," said Leicester to Lady Ethel, "we turned out to be pirates, and all this while were carrying you off to the Mediterranean."

"What would you do, Mrs. Mildmay?" she said.

"I am sure I do not know," said Mrs. Mildmay, entering into the spirit of the joke. "Perhaps I should give Mr. Leicester into custody."

"Of his own sailors?" said Lady Ethel.

"I know what I would do," said Violet. "I would get up a mutiny, go on board and make a pathetic speech to the crew. I am sure they are so civil and gentlemanly that they would listen to me, put you in irons, and take the ship back."

"By Jove!" said Leicester. "I am a great mind to put your powers of persuasion to the test."

As he spoke the sails flapped against the mast, and the vessel rolled suddenly.

He looked up at the sky through the window with a sharp glance.

"The wind is changing," he said, quietly. "We shall have a calm."

"A calm," said Lady Ethel to Bertie. "Then we shall not be able to get on."

"Yes," he said, with a secret thrill of exaltation. "I am afraid not. Where are you going, Leicester?"

"On deck," said Leicester, and he sprang up the companion-way.

Presently he returned.

"What news?" said Fitz.

"Doubtful," said Leicester, pouring out a glass of wine for Mrs. Mildmay. "A calm, I say—my sailing master says a storm."

"A storm!" said Mrs. Mildmay, with dismay.

"Only a summer storm," said Leicester, lightly. He knew that summer storms were sometimes worse than winter ones, but, though he had decided to prepare them for a little wind, he made light of it.

"Now," he said to Violet, "you will get your wish—that is if the skipper is right in his prophecy. You wanted to see a storm."

"Yes," said Violet; "and I know you would be delighted to see me frightened, so I am determined not to be."

"That's brave," he said. "But there will be no storm. It is all a calm, a dead calm. Bertie, sing us 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'"

Without any pressing Bertie good-naturedly began to sing, but before he had finished the first verse there came an interruption in the shape of a sharp gust of wind, which seemed to strike the vessel on her side.

Leicester quietly ran up on deck, and they heard his deep voice giving the command to tack round.

Bertie continued his song, but he was destined not to finish it.

Another gust, followed by a loud clap of thunder, dispersed the harmony.

Mrs. Mildmay turned pale. Lady Ethel looked curious; Violet glanced from one to the other, but with a sparkling eye and a flushed cheek.

"Don't be frightened, aunt," she said, quietly. "It's only a summer storm."

Then there followed a hurried trampling on deck and suddenly a voice called out:

"Tumble up! All hands on deck!"

Fitz ran up the gangway, and Bertie would have followed, but Mrs. Mildmay seemed rather alarmed, and she stayed talking and laughing to reassure her.

Presently Leicester came down and with a smile said:

"The rain is coming and some more wind. Mrs. Mildmay, you are in the pirates' clutches, so make yourself comfortable on the sofa."

She obeyed, for she was really frightened.

Violet sat beside her, and Bertie and Lady Ethel did their best to convince her that there was no danger.

Then Violet stole to the door of the cabin and looked longingly up towards the dark sky.

As she looked Leicester, passing, saw her. He longed to have her up there, but he said, with mock sternness:

"Miss Mildmay, it is going to rain. Keep your cabin."

"Let me come up with you please," she said. "I couldn't think of it," he said.

But he called down to ask Mrs. Mildmay if she would permit it, and then handed Violet up.

The next moment he was sorry that he had done so, for the rain fell.

"Go below directly," he said.

"No," said Violet, "I will stay, if you please. I am quite sheltered here, and I am anxious to see it."

"Take this then," he said, slipping off his jacket.

"No," she said, firmly.

"Then," said he, more firmly, "you must go below."

So he gained the day; she stayed, but she had his large pilot coat, which shielded her from the rain from top to toe.

It did not rain long but it blew harder.

All the sails were furling, yet she drove along at a tremendous pace before the gale.

Leicester's voice was scarcely deep enough to drown the wind, and the little vessel tossed like a nutshell as it forced its way along the breakers.

Then Ethel came on deck to ask if Violet would go down below.

But she would not. She induced her aunt to let her remain, and Mrs. Mildmay, thinking her more comfortable there than in the close cabin, sent Lady Ethel to join her, Fitz and Bertie being already on deck.

Every minute the wind increased. Leicester, who had taken command, was more grave; the sailing master and he continually consulted the compass and looked up at the clouds driving darkly across the sky.

So anxious had Leicester grown that he seemed to have forgotten the ladies.

But he had not, for presently, after a colloquy with the skipper he shrugged his shoulders and came up to Violet, who was standing, not in the least wet or frightened, by the forecastle.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing much," he said, with a smile. "I have resigned command, that's all. My skipper knows this coast better than I do, and I have left him to steer us right."

"Is there any danger of going wrong, then?" she asked.

"Well—" he hesitated.

At that moment the skipper shouted out something that sounded dreadfully sharp and stern in the wind, Leicester caught Violet's arm and drew her to him, glancing as he did so to Bertie and Fitz, who were both guarding Lady Ethel.

The yacht sprang forward under the press of sail which the skipper had ordered to be put on.

"Right now," said Leicester, cheerily. "We shall fly home to Pourriddle; I can almost see the white cliffs. Ah!" he broke off, sharply, "port your helm! Breakers ahead! Great Heaven! we are on the north reef!"

He sprang to the helm, Violet paled with a sudden fear, cowered, and dropped to her knees.

The next instant she felt an arm round her, and a voice in her ear whisper, passionately:

"You are not frightened! We are safe!"

Then she felt herself lifted up and carried down the gangway.

She had not fainted—or had she, and were the words "Oh my darling, my Violet!" only creations of the fancy?

(To be continued.)

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

THERE'S room enough for all of us
In this great world of ours,
For king and peasant, rich and poor,
For mountains and for flowers;
For every tree, however tall,
For every shrub, however small,
For ocean, lake, or waterfall,
There's room enough.

What though your neighbour rolls in wealth,
What though he owns vast lands,
While you must earn your daily bread
And comfort with your hands?
The air of Heaven he cannot claim
His own; for you each day the same
Bright sun sheds down its cheery flame,
And shines for all.

One may be blest with many gifts
Of culture and of mind,
And one in paths of knowledge may
Lag very far behind;
But each shall find his proper place,
For everything on nature's face
Shows nature's harmony and grace
And His design.

So in life's battle each should bear
An e'er courageous heart,
Each do his fittest work and take
A great or humble part;
The rich and poor, the high and low,
Dependent on each other, know
That side by side they e'er must go
If they be wise.

Then say not there's not room enough
In this bright world of ours
For king and peasant, rich and poor,
For mountains and for flowers;
For every tree, however tall,
For every shrub, however small,
For every man, though great or small,
There's room enough. C. D.

HOLLAND HOUSE.—The ground round Holland House is to be built over, including that which faces the Uxbridge Road. The statue of old Lord Holland and the drinking-fountain near the central gate are both to be preserved, and the great house, rich with all its literary and political associations of two centuries, is to be left standing, for the present at all events. The gun, too, will continue to be fired off every night as hitherto, by way of warning off robbers and thieves.

BARRISTERS VERSUS ATTORNEYS.—It seems that the long-expected war between barristers and attorneys is at length to be begun in earnest. Why it has not begun sooner is matter of surprise to every barrister who knows what has been the relation existing between the bar and the London solicitors. The recent refusal of the Committee of the Inns of Courts to shorten the time during which an attorney must cease from practising as an attorney before he can be called to the bar has evidently brought matters to a crisis, and the attorneys are now to move against the barristers, not by representations to the head of the Inns, but to the House of Commons.

THE NELSON TROPHY.—This interesting relic war sold the other day in the collection of china and other objects belonging to the late Mr. W. Joy, of Chesham by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods. The trophy is chiefly made of the eighty-four guineas

which were in Nelson's purse at the time he was mortally wounded at Trafalgar. The guineas are soldered together in the form of a pyramid, and at each angle there is a small figure in metal gilt supporting it, the whole being a kind of cenotaph about twelve inches high, with a sarcophagus beneath the pyramid—the base bearing the inscription referring to the event. The trophy was put up with a bid of 90 guineas, and sold for 123*l*.

A SERVANT.

ASHAMED of being a servant? No, indeed! Let no honest woman be ashamed of that. If she is able to earn her living, and be fairly independent as cook or chambermaid, or nurse-girl, let her take that path in life, and hold up her head with any one—that is, if she is a good servant, honest, faithful, and respecting herself too much to be disrespectful to her employers.

Of course, education, talent, and peculiar opportunities, render it better that many working women should take other walks of life. But there is always a good opportunity for any one with common strength and common sense to become independent as a household servant. Shops, work-rooms, factories overflow. Good workwomen are often destitute. Did any one ever hear of a good cook, who was a sober woman, coming to the workhouse?

No woman who has been brought up to do housework dislikes it. It is only the name of servant from which she shrinks; and what unutterable folly it is, since we are all servants. No man who is unselfish, no woman who does her duty, but is at service all his or her life for some one or something. A clergyman, a lawyer, a physician, a soldier, a sailor, each acknowledges the name. Surely a wife must serve her husband and children, and a child its parents; and a hired servant who gives good value for value received can hold up her head with any lady in the land. M. K. D.

COURTSHIP IN GREENLAND.

THERE is something exceedingly melancholy in the accounts which are given of the custom of courtship in Greenland. Generally, women enter upon the blessed estate with more willingness and less solicitude than men. The women of Greenland are an exception to this rule. A Greenland, having fixed his affections upon some female, acquaints his parents with the state of his heart. They apply to the parents of the girl, and if the parties thus far are agreed, the next proceeding is to appoint two female negotiators, whose duty it is to broach the subject to the young lady. This is a matter of great tact and delicacy. The lady ambassadors do not shock the young lady to whom they are sent by any sudden or abrupt avowal of the awful subject of their mission. Instead of doing this, they launch out in praises of the gentleman who seeks her hand. They speak of the splendour of his house, the sumptuousness of his furniture, of his courage and skill in catching seals, and other accomplishments.

The lady, pretending to be affronted even at these remote hints, runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires, while the ambassadors, having got the consent of her parents, pursue her, take her by force to the house of her destined husband, and there leave her. Compelled to remain there, she sits for days with dishevelled hair, silent and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, till at last, if kind entreaties do not prevail, she is compelled by force, and even by blows, to submit to the detested union. In some cases, Greenland women faint at the proposals of marriage, in others they fly to the mountains, and only return when compelled to do so by the hunger and cold. If one cuts off her hair, it is a sign she is determined to resist to the death.

The Greenland wife is the slave of her husband, doomed to a life of toil, drudgery and privation, and if he die, she and her children have no resource against starvation. The married state is a miserable condition, while widowhood is a still more appalling fate.

ANOTHER pier is to be built at Brighton. It will be at Cliftonville, and somewhat after the model of the splendid Hastings pier.

A DIAMOND DISCOVERY.—A large raw diamond was discovered recently by one of the coolies employed in excavating earth for the Irrigation and Canal Company in Jeharapuram, near Kurnool. The collector of the district reported the discovery to Government, in the event of a possible owner turning up; but as from its appearance the diamond cannot be supposed to have belonged to any one it has been ordered to be returned to the fortunate finder, or no less fortunate purchaser, for the diamond, which weighs 44 grains, is said to have been purchased by a merchant of Kurnool for 116*rs*. The real value is thought to be not less than 1,000*rs*.



[THE DUTCHMAN DISAPPOINTED.]

WINIFRED WYNNE;
OR,
THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.
BY THE AUTHOR OF
"The Lost Coronet," "One Sparkle of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Her wit was more than man's, her innocence
a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For Nature did that want supply;
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed.

WINIFRED WYNNE had passed twenty-four hours of watching and sleeping agitation. Her very dreams had partaken of the sad and troubled character of her mind's thought, and she painfully felt on waking from her deep but unrefreshing slumber that her brain had not been at rest—that the conflict had gone on. The pulses were throbbing, the skin was fevered, the limbs weary and aching, as if no blessed oblivion had soothed her senses—and she sprang from her couch and began her toilet with the unrefreshing feeling of "unrest" that belongs to an unhealthy state of body or mind.

But it was no time to yield to the clinging weakness; there was a need of mingled firmness and energy in the present and future actions of the orphan.

Winifred knew that there was much to do and to endure and to avert in this crisis of her life.

And, suffering, timid, crushed as she might be in her dearest affections and desires, she was not one to abandon herself to the hopelessness and the utter helplessness of despair.

Thoughts and cares pressed upon her, all connected with herself.

Her father's death would change the whole aspect of matters; she could scarcely tell what shape they might take.

But that Clarence Seymour still possessed a bitter enemy could scarcely be doubted, and that the utmost care and vigilance would not suffice to baffle his wiles was also the fevering thought in her mind.

"If he has but gone, all will be well, there is no one left who can force the truth from my lips now," she murmured. "If it were my very death, I would not utter one word that could criminate him. And from my inmost heart I do believe him innocent—at least in wish and intent. Noble Clarence, thy very recklessness betokened absence of guilt," she added,

clasping her small hands. "My eyes would rather belie my foolish brain than I could believe he could be a dastardly villain. In any case he shall be saved, if I have power to avert the risk, and now—Heaven help me!—I have no one to whom I am accountable, no one to be grieved if I perish!" she went on, with plaintive sadness, her eyes cast on the floor, and her long eyelashes moistened with the tears she bravely crushed back.

She dashed away the weakness.

She resolutely concluded her toilet with the care and neatness of a fashionable belle, albeit the materials and the result of her labours were so utterly different.

The sable robe was so becoming to her slight, girlish figure and her clear, pale skin, that derived actual brilliancy from its dark surroundings.

Her hair was wrapped round her head in careless but unbroken and massive folds, which were singularly in keeping at once with her style of beauty and the deep mourning of her dress. And round her neck, as for a talisman, she wore the small miniature which Mary of Mohena had given her, and which looked like the emblem of some saintly order rather than a jewelled ornament.

Winifred had arranged her toilet with an instinctive neatness scarcely in keeping with her sick heart; but had it been purposely planned by her she could scarcely have more completely thrown in relief the maidenly pride and purity that did not acknowledge one shade of carelessness or neglect of the delicate and refined attributes of a true woman.

She was indeed fenced round in an atmosphere of more than mortal faith and hope on that first morning of her desolate orphanage, which would baffle the approaches of the most unscrupulous and powerful, albeit she knew it not.

And when Dorcas entered with an errand that might well test the mettle of the bravest her untrained instincts were startled by the change which a few brief hours had wrought in the scarce more than child—certainly less than woman.

She addressed her with a kind of reverence in her tone that she had never yet bestowed on her young mistress.

"Dear Mistress Winifred, I do not like to disturb you by the message, but I dare not keep it longer, since Master Meister bade me take the consequences if I refused to do his bidding. I told him you had not yet breakfasted and he said he could wait, but that he must see you."

Winifred hesitated for a moment.

She shrank as from contact with a crafty tiger at this summons.

But it must come, and she knew it. She had

declared her purpose publicly, but it would not be accepted by the insolent and avaricious Dutchman.

The matter must be concluded. She must fully comprehend all that awaited her as the penalty of her purpose and then she had no more to fear—at least not in the unknown.

It were hopeless to expect that Adrian Meister would quietly accept the disappointment of his long-cherished passions and hopes.

"You did well, Dorcas; I will see him. I shall be downstairs in a few minutes," she said, firmly.

"Not till you have breakfasted, my dear young mistress," returned the woman, firmly. "Let Master Meister wait. I will not have you fainting with hunger."

And Dorcas quickly produced a tray with coffee and white roll and butter and a tempting egg, that she placed on a small table near her young lady.

Winifred did her best to fortify herself with the viands.

She swallowed the hot, refreshing coffee, and took a few spoonfuls of the egg and a morsel of bread, and then rose determinedly to leave the room on her unwelcome errand.

"Don't fear, Dorcas. I am strong. I shall not lose my courage," she said, catching the woman's anxious glance. "Better anything than a loveless marriage to a hated, despised traitor. Dorcas, you will not desert me, even if I am so perverse as to throw away my fortune, will you?" she added, laying her small hand beseechingly on the woman's arm as she passed.

"I desert you, poor lamb? No, not for a hundred thousand such varlets!" exclaimed Dorcas.

And the girl went on her way cheered and strengthened by this humble but friendly assurance from one of her own sex, however lowly in station.

She paused a moment ere she entered the apartment where Adrian awaited her. Then she firmly turned the look and advanced into the room with a cold, dignified courtesy that forbade any warm greeting.

"Winifred, what does this mean?" said the young man, instinctively dropping the hand he had eagerly extended, with an expression of angry surprise.

"It simply means what you have already known, Master Adrian, that there is no friendship between us," she said. "You have driven me to display what is perhaps unaccountably and bold, but it is no fault of mine."

"And what is that, fair mistress?" he said, sarcastically; "your unsought love, or your unjust hate?"

Winifred was steeled by her very grief against the insolent taunt.

"I acknowledge neither, Master Meister. I only tell you I have entirely decided that I cannot be your wife, and that I am fully ready to meet the penalties of my refusal. That should be enough for any honourable man to know. We are strangers henceforth, Master Adrian, but I have no hate nor ill-will towards you unless you force me to such enmity."

There was a livid paleness in his features. There was no doubt that he did writhe under the beautiful girl's reproof, though he was of a temper to answer it by revenge rather than remorse.

"Nay, Winifred, I am not so lightly to be cast off; the more so when I have such issues in my power should you be perverse in your girlish folly," he replied. "I can not only take from you the dowry that is methinks larger than you in your ignorance may comprehend, but I can, and I will, bring a deserved retribution on the man who has stolen all that is most precious in the world to me and committed a base and dastardly felony besides."

"It is false!" came from Winifred's white lips; "and what is more, you know it!"

"If" he returned, starting spasmodically; "you are determined to talk so, Winifred. But I will not waste words on such mad infatuation," he continued, collecting himself. "I would rather put calmly before you the risks you are incurring by your perversity, Winifred Wynne. Do you know that your deceased father died worth at the very least sixty thousand pounds? and that should his stock sell as may be expected it will yield even more?"

"Do you know that by the paper that he has left, but the contents of which I more than suspect, that wealth will go to strangers, and to vain and purposeless uses, instead of to his descendants? And, what is more, are you deceiving yourself as to my power and will to pursue Clarence Seymour to the very death rather than let him escape without retribution for the spell he has carried off? Now I have spoken as plainly as myself. It is for you to make your decision, or to take the time your father gave by his will to think over your conduct."

"I do not need it," she said, calmly, "yet I think I can see better why you are so very persistent, Master Meister, in your suit. I certainly did not understand I was to be so rich," she said, reflectively.

"Then act on that knowledge, dearest," exclaimed Adrian, eagerly. "It is not for that I am pleading. Were you a simple maiden with a modest portion I could not but love you, Winifred! From my boyhood you have been held out to me as my future wife; my every thought and anticipation has been connected with you. It is a rude snap, that methinks you ought not in justice to attempt. It is breaking a long and honestly pledged bond, and I am well justified in resenting it with all my force," he continued, breaking into a sardonic tone of bitterness as the idea poured forth.

"Nay, you will have a goodly fine for the breach," said the girl, sarcastically, "and leisure to seek another well-dowered bride; and, for the rest, I, for one, have never even varied in my declaration that I never would consent to my father's plans, from the first time I knew them. You have suffered no wrong from me, Master Adrian," she went on, with simple dignity.

"Yes, I have, Winifred," he went on, passionately. "Do you suppose that I can give you up to such hopeless ruin as you are courting? The spendthrift noble who borrowed large sums and then robbed your father of his security is scarcely likely to be honourable or manly to his child. He has used you as his tool, he will cast you away now his purpose is done, unless indeed he thinks you can save him from peril and ruin—and you have that in your power," he went on, softly. "I pledge you my word that if you are to be my wife the whole transaction shall be buried in secrecy. It is competent for me to manage this, since the affair will not be intelligible in your father's papers unless I am prepared to explain it and account for the sum thus missing. Think of all this, think of your future life, with my love and care cast around you, and your position that of an honoured matron and sheltered wife, Winifred, while at the same time you will know you have saved him you love from disgrace and ruin. And then," he went on, "then take the reverse. You will be poor and helpless and alone and in peril and the nobly born Lord Clarence in a prison, spurned and contemned by his friends, pointed at as a byword by the whole world. Is that what you will venture upon, Winifred Wynne?" he added, sternly.

Her head was bowed down in thoughtful pain. Adrian knew that every word he uttered was as a poisoned shaft, but still there were discouraging firmness and composure in that fair, pale face under the sharp outburst.

Her answer came at last, in quiet, unflinching tones.

"Yes. I will cast myself on such a venture, Adrian Meister," she said, bravely. "And it is rather for you to quail in your turn before the fate that must be yours. You have schemed and plotted, you have spared nothing that could injure others and bring about your own selfish ends. So much I know, and there may be yet deeper guilt on your conscience than I suspect. Do you not think the end must come?" she said, like a youthful Mentor, so strangely beautiful in her severity of look and tone. "Do you not dread retribution and your own miserable remorse?"

Adrian disguised it well if she made on him any impression by the warning.

He only laughed—a sarcastic, joyless, toneless laugh.

"You are preaching before your time, sweet Winifred," he said, carelessly. "Time enough to scold when lines are on your brow and white in your rich tresses. I am quite content with my own ideas of my true interests and wishes. I neither intend to do homage to my insolent rival nor to allow you to shield him and work your own ruin." The hot blood rushed vehemently up in the girl's face now.

"It is enough. I thank you for that word, Adrian Meister," she said. "If there had been any doubt left in my mind you have removed it. I give you as my final answer—never to change or repent—that I would starve and beg my bread, or die on the wayside, than degrade myself by bearing your name or owing you a wife's duties. Now you can leave me. We have nothing more to say."

The Dutchman turned absolutely livid with rage and disappointment.

His teeth were closed firmly together, as if to prevent the words from bursting out in their pristine fierceness.

"It is well," he said, at length. "We understand each other, as you say, and time will prove which will be the master in the strife. But in any case remember that the crisis is over, Winifred. What ever may be your feelings or your sufferings, it is on your own head, and no prayers nor tears on your part shall move me from my purpose, either regarding yourself or him!"

And Adrian Meister grasped the girl's hands firmly, harshly, in his, and fixed on her a look that might well make the girl shiver in her loneliness and helpless youth.

"You understand?" he said, chillingly. "Winifred, once more I ask you; will you retract—will you change your mad purpose?"

The girl did not cry—not even groan—at the painful, threatening grasp, the black and frowning look.

"No," she said, calmly; "I will not. Let my hand go, Master Adrian. It were pity that others should witness such unseemly violence."

An involuntary flush overspread his face.

"You would drive an angel mad!" he said, slowly releasing her. "But I am an idiot to take heed of your folly. Your blood be on your own head then. I have placed your fate and his in your own power. It is no fault nor wrong of mine. I cast off from this moment every vestige of the ties that bound me to you, Winifred; but I shall none the less exercise my power to hold you back from the precipice on which you stand, or else make you feel more disasters. You comprehend?"

And he lunged from him with a hasty and contemptuous rage which he could barely restrain within even such limits, and strode hastily from the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

What ardently I wished I long believed,
And disappointed still was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went;
I learnt at last submission to my lot.

"CECIL, what is this you have to say? You would affirm that you saw my god-daughter, Winifred Wynne, alone and unprotected, in the apartments of Lord Clarence Seymour?" said Lady Churchill, with haughty incredulity, as her young relative ceased his brief narrative and looked earnestly up in her face from the low ottoman on which he had placed himself, secure of his favour as adopted foster-son of the house of his kinswoman.

The young man shrugged his shoulders meaningly. "What can I say, dear lady?" he replied. "It is being disbelieved, Cassandra like, for you to talk thus. Do you suppose I would willingly cast a slur on the character of one even remotely connected with you, or even on one so young and lovely, for my own evil pleasure?"

"No Cecil, no. I believe you from my heart, but," the Lady Churchill returned, "but then, there are influences that affect the feelings and the actions also. And, unknowingly, you may have seen through jaundiced spectacles, my dear Cecil."

He shook his head sadly.

"I wish it were so, Lady Churchill, for I know you

have a liking for Mistress Winifred, and, to speak truth, I might have been well enough once to conceive an affection for this goldsmith's daughter," he replied, firmly. "Now it is of course impossible that you or I can ever think kindly of her more. Yet she did seem capable of better things." And he gave an unconscious sigh as he spoke, that betrayed a perverser yearning towards the culprit.

Lady Churchill thought deeply for a moment or two.

"Cecil," she said, at length, "I ask you, as a man of honour, is all this a plain and simple tale? Is there no garbling in your language? Is there no extenuating circumstance that you have omitted? Be careful; for when I have once taken my decision in such a matter it is of no light or changeable character; and this young creature's future may depend on your next words."

Cecil took the hand of his patroness respectfully.

"Dearest lady, I can say no more. Take my word as their worth, they cannot be altered. I saw Mistress Winifred Wynne in Clarence Seymour's chambers, in an humble and disguising dress that could not conceal her from my inquiry. And Seymour himself neither denied nor explained the circumstance, and, as it seemed to me, was not especially desirous of her presence. That is all I know, and I thought it but a simple duty to you to inform you of what I had witnessed, that you might take such measures as might seem fitting to your ladyship where one you patronised is concerned."

Lady Churchill's brow contracted.

"It is all very well," she said, haughtily, "to place responsibility at my door for this foolish girl's misadventure. But it must be surely the plotless mixture in her blood that can cause this failure in her maidenly decorum. However, for the sake of her mother, whom I cared for, not merely from her kinship, but from her own womanly and patient fortitude in trial, I will make an effort to save the child and learn the cause of this incoherent escapade. I shall see to it, Cecil, as soon as may be possible. Now it is time methinks to go to Violet Lisle's gathering. Ah, the time was when I would have believed such lightness rather of Viola than of the brave little heroine of Mary of Modena's escape!"

Cecil looked wistfully at her.

"Surely you do not think any wrong of Mistress Viola Lisle?" he asked, with a faint attempt at a laugh. "That were indeed to cast a doubt on all the fairest of our order, dear lady. You are not quite so severe in your judgments."

"I scarcely think so trifling a butterfly is worth the powder and shot of a deliberate censure," laughed the future duchess, cynically; "but I only know that, till you informed me of this strange tale, I would rather have seen a son of mine wedded to the goldsmith's daughter than to pretty Viola Lisle. Now it is changed, and there can be no further question of Winifred Wynne as protégée of mine, unless she can fully and candidly explain her forwardness and wrong. But it is no time to speak farther of this."

She rang a silver bell as she spoke, and in a few more minutes her waiting-woman had wrapped her gorgeous dress in a priceless shawl from the Indies, more rare in those days than now. The omnibus coach was announced, and the Lady Churchill was handed to it by her handsome young kinsman with all the formal reverence of the times, when sex and age and rank commanded very different homage to the free-and-easy manner of the nineteenth century.

It was a bright moonlight evening, and as the coach drove through the streets—which owed their illumination to the lamp of heaven—and the green-turfed and tree-shaded parks that formed the road to Lady Lisle's mansion, there were a beauty and a peacefulness in the scene that for the moment calmed and silenced the tumults of passion and joy and sorrows and anxieties in the breast of the busy wife of England's greatest general and future duke and of the younger and more impetuous companion at her side.

The crowd seemed hushed, the whirl of busy day was silenced; only the pure light of heaven and the green verdure of earth were at the moment visible to their eyes.

But this soon ceased. In a few minutes more they were entangled in a string of vehicles, whose coachmen were fighting and swearing, and of footmen and link-boys flashing torches that but served to obscure the light of the fair moon, and that cast a garish radiance on the brilliant dresses and the flashing jewels of the ladies and the almost equally conspicuous courtly dress of the cavaliers who escorted them.

But the Lady Churchill's liveries, and the Lady Churchill herself, were too well known to be disregarded, even in such a throng, and it was not long ere the favourite of Queen Anne and her young escort were allowed to take their place in the foremost rank, and their entrance to the mansion was attended with little delay.

Cecil Vernon was not altogether so taken up with his perhaps envied duties but that his attention was attracted by a singularly muffled figure, who was at once near to the door and yet concealed by the pillars, and whose face and figure were too completely hidden from observation to be visible even by those nearest to him.

Cecil could scarcely have accounted for his curiosity as to this intense observer of the gay throng, and it might perhaps rather be owing to the late conversation and the mystery that surrounded some of the actors in the brief drama of his young life that he was thus alive to any inexplicable feature in the scene around him.

And just as he was handing the stately form of the Lady Churchill up the long flight of steps he noticed this muffled figure press suddenly forward as if to gain a closer glimpse of his face.

Then it as quickly retreated, while a low, guttural sound, like some foreign tongue, with little music in its composition, came upon his ear.

The stranger had turned to a companion in the crowd, and muttered something which Cecil's linguistic knowledge was just sufficient to translate as "It is not he; we must wait."

The young baronet smiled at his own folly in bestowing attention on so insignificant a circumstance, and for the moment dismissed the speaker and his words and gestures from his thoughts.

In truth, his mind was too much occupied with the conversation he had been carrying on with Lady Churchill, and all the associations it brought back, for leisure to bestow on irrelevant subjects.

In a few moments he would see Viola, his beautiful love, or rather betrothed, for it was already doubtful in his own mind whether the fair young aristocrat really possessed his heart or had merely caught his fancy. If there were no lingering affection for the goldsmith's daughter, no clinging memory of the little heroine of the royal fête, why was he so irritated and aggrieved at Winifred Wynne's interest in his friend, and the unworthiness of character it displayed? So, altogether, Cecil Vernon was in no very fitting mood for the brilliant fête on which he was now entering, nor the meeting with its lovely queen.

The rooms were fast filling even to repletion, but Lady Churchill's advent soon produced a passage through the throng, while friends and acquaintances pressed round to greet the powerful favourite of the queen.

"Ah, Lady Churchill, well met," said Lord St. John, advancing to meet the lady with Viola Lisle on his arm. "I have just had the honour of a cocktail with our fair young hostess, and therefore have no taste for any less exciting pleasure," he said, turning to his young charge with a graceful bow. "I wish to speak one word to you, which need not engross your ear long, and Mistress Viola will thank me for resigning her to a more gay and interesting cavalier." Then, having detestingly got rid of his partner, the embryo statesman gave his arm to the Lady Churchill, and led her in an opposite direction from the dancing-salon.

Lord St. John did not speak, save on trivial matters, while they were decidedly within hearing of the guests who filled the galleries and saloons; but at length they reached a small octagon room, scarcely larger than a spacious bay-window, where there were cushioned ottomans round the walls, on one of which he placed his stately companion.

"My good friend Churchill would scarcely be jealous of the private moment I am securing, even were he near enough to be cognizant of it," said the nobleman to the lady, with a smile. "He has too true an estimate of us both to feel in danger from my unworthy self, and the cause my well-exposed liberty I am taking in thus appropriating your envied society."

The future Duchess of Marlborough bestowed a smile of gracious sweetness on the young nobleman. He was too distinguished already for his bearing to be displeasing or indifferent to her.

"I will trust to my good lord's kindness and your better taste for perfect impunity," she said, guily. "My Lord St. John has younger and more attractive conquests to occupy his leisure hours. Pray what is the weighty matter that requires our attention now?" she added, with a quick, penetrating glance.

"You spoke of younger objects of attraction, Lady Churchill. It is of your whilome protégée I would speak," he replied.

The lady started in spite of her self-possession and sang-froid.

"Of Winifred Wynne, do you mean?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes, that is, of her in connection with a far more important matter so far as the state's interest is concerned," he replied. "Lady Churchill, I cannot bear to hurt your feelings if she is dear and valued by you. And still more so, because I admired her uncommonly myself, at your well-remembered party, now many months back. But it must be done, and you are too just and high-minded to mis-

understand my motives in telling you the facts that have come to my knowledge."

Lady Churchill's brow contracted as if with sudden pain.

She had heard sufficient from her own kinsman to put her on her guard, to warn her that trouble was in the horizon, but it was all new and mortifying, for one so alien from her and so distinguished as Lord St. John to become a sharer in the secret of her young-ward's imprudence.

But she was too proud to betray her annoyance, and her answer was too immediate and too frank for him to suspect its extent.

"I should be scarcely so doting in my love even for my own children as to look blindly on their faults, certainly not on those of one whom I adopted for a time rather from compassion than any bond to her or hers," she said. "Pray do not scruple to inform me what has been her crime, my lord," she went on, calmly unfolding her fan, and using it in all dexterity to shadow the full view of her features.

"That is almost too harsh a name for the fair damsel's offence," returned Lord St. John, lightly. "However, I will tell you all I know, Lady Churchill, and you shall judge for yourself. First," he said, drawing nearer to her seat and speaking so low that the very walls behind them could scarcely have used their proverbial ears, "I perhaps need scarcely tell you that there is an unusual ferment stirring just now in the foreign camp, and so the best of probabilities the great drawback to its full explosion has been 'money.'"

Lady Churchill nodded assent.

"Well, what can that have to do with my protégée?" she said. "I can answer for it she will have little of that article at her command, or I mistake her father's tastes and temper."

"She may have other means of supplying the need," returned Lord St. John. "In any case there is no doubt that Clarence Seymour has by some means obtained a large sum of the wealthy goldsmith, and it is rumoured not by the most honourable means; and I have it on most reliable authority that he was in the old citizen's house on one night when he was known to be from home, and again that on the following or the day but one after that night the goldsmith's daughter was actually watched to his chambers in Whitehall, where she entered and remained a brief space. Since then, as you perhaps know, the old goldsmith has died."

"Dad!" echoed Lady Churchill, breaking in involuntarily on her companion's deliberate narrative. "No, no; she would have sent to me. It cannot be, my lord. You are deceived."

"Pardon me, I am perfectly aware of what I am saying," said the nobleman, calmly, "and it is unhappily only a stronger proof of guilt that she has kept the event concealed from you, who have been like a guardian and most kind patroness to her in her youth."

Lady Churchill groaned rather than sighed at the words. Her proud temper could scarcely brook the double wound to her affection and her dignity.

"Perhaps you are right, my lord," she said, with enforced composure. "But it is scarcely my habit to condemn, save from strong proof, and this does seem well nigh incredible of so young and carefully nurtured a creature. May I ask what measures you have taken, my Lord St. John? In the case of Lord Clarence, I mean. I presume you will put some ban on his leaving the country in such a case."

"I scarcely know yet in what way the movement will work," returned the nobleman; "but I have of course taken care that it shall not be possible for him to wander very far without my knowledge, though he is not aware of the surveillance. By the way, I understand he is to be here to-night. It will be curious to observe his words and movements with this on his mind. I need scarcely request you to observe the most perfect secrecy, my dear lady," he went on. "You are too completely in the midst of court life and cabinet intrigues to make the condition needful."

The lady bowed her head.

"Of course. But I must certainly reserve the liberty to act on your information where this mislaid girl is concerned. It is impossible for me to behave with any degree of patience or toleration of her conduct should she be forced on my notice or attention," she said, somewhat impatiently.

Lord St. John gave a somewhat superior and cordonic smile.

"Nay," he returned, courteously, "surely there can be no such difficulty to the Lady Churchill in proving her self-control in any circumstances. She is surely too much used to courts and their exigencies for any such weakness."

The lady of Queen Anne drew herself up somewhat more proudly than was her wont where the statesman of the court was in the question.

"You mistake, my lord," returned Lady Churchill. "There may be true womanhood in the most world-wearied nature, and I confess that in

my case it would never be more excited than when this misguided girl is in the question. She had a strange hold upon my affections—the more so because I believed her brave and true, spite of her plebeian origin."

Lord St. John shrugged his shoulder.

"Who can tell the secrets of a female heart?" he said. "However, I confess that if any one were likely to fathom them it would be yourself, my Lady Churchill. However, there can be no question in such a case as this, when political interests are at stake. It would be ruin to give the risk of alarm by any inadvertence of ours."

"Certainly, my lord; and I shall know how to avoid any such danger, even while trying to bring my infatuated ward to a sense of her folly and the risk she has run—please Heaven she has not gone farther than mere girlish foolishness," she added, rather to herself than her companion.

Lord St. John bowed deferentially.

"I must leave all in your hands, Lady Churchill, so far as this young damsel is concerned," he said. "But I have a word or two for your private ear of another nature. The queen—what as to her predilections in this matter?" he asked. "I scarcely feel sure whether she would not prefer the exiled Stuart to the alien Hanoverian, and it were well to act on such a supposition were it possible to do so with any sort of hope or prudence."

Lady Churchill looked furtively at the speaker. She was too wary to commit herself when the acute diplomatist was concerned.

"Really, my lord, I am scarcely so entirely in her majesty's secrets as to undertake to answer that question," she replied. "At the same time, there is no question that the queen has warm and tender sympathies, and it might be that they would affect her feelings and actions. In any case, they would serve to moderate her severity in certain contingencies, so far as her power is concerned," she added, significantly.

The nobleman was about to reply, but at the moment an unusual excitement seemed to prevail in the crowded apartments, which attracted his attention even in that confused, indistinct murmur of voices and distant sound of music.

"Gracious Heavens, how dreadful!" from Viola's Lisle's trembling lips was plainly distinguished by his quick ears.

And various scattered exclamations of "Extraordinary!" "It must be a slander!" "So utterly impossible!" "Most distressing for dear Lady Lisle!" were mingled with some abrupt and perhaps more exceptional ebullitions of feeling in the throng.

He made a hurried apology to his companion, and then left the secluded little apartment to ascertain the cause of such unwonted sensations in a well-bred and self-controlled crowd like the guests of the Lady Lisle.

Clarence Seymour had rarely passed so uneasy and unsatisfactory an interval as that which had elapsed since the visit of the goldsmith's daughter.

He was at once angry with Winifred, with Cecil Vernon, and himself.

He could scarcely refuse credit to a warning that had cost the girl so much to give him; and yet, in the perversity of his nature, he chose to persuade himself that the damsel did but desire to thrust herself on his notice and to accomplish her own ends by the visit that had been so abruptly interrupted.

Then came also the unconfessed but still absolute fact that Winifred did exercise a strange fascination over him.

Else why did he even bestow one thought on the little citizen—why did he detect himself comparing her with the high-born Sybil De Courcy?

And, yet more, why did he indulge in speculations as to her future fate and the anomaly which certainly existed between her birth and breeding, her worldly position and the unquestioned refinement of her beauty and her high-toned sentiments?

No wonder he was thankful when the evening arrived for his visit to the Lady Lisle, which was to terminate his stay in England.

He had compromised matters thus far in his deliberations that directly he had shown himself publicly as fearless and innocent he would then at once act on Winifred's earnest hints of danger, and go without delay to the little court, where his presence would bring joy to one at least, and where he might take his final decision as to the best course he should pursue.

The few jewels that he could wear with good taste were of the rarest quality and value. A diamond ring, the jewelled sword handle, the studded collar and ruffles, were unobtrusive, but still of great prestige in their way. And the chiselled features, the aristocratic bearing, were even more sure emblems of his birth and station than the most precious and costly stones or elaborate dress.

A chair was in waiting for him, by some unwonted freak of fancy.

It was perhaps an instinct of preservation that induced the choice of this conveyance which would

be an effectual concealment in the passage to the Lady Lisle's mansion.

It was a more tedious course than it would be in the present day, if only from absence of light in the highways.

But at length his bearers stopped at the foot of the flight of steps that were still the scene of arriving guests, and the link-boys flashed their torches on the chair as it opened to allow the exit of its tenant. Lord Clarence gave a rapid glance around, rather perhaps to ascertain whether any of the well-dressed individuals on the balustraded entrance were known to him.

His face was for a moment in full view of the little crowd of gazers around.

The next moment the same muffled figure that had attracted Cecil Vernon's notice gave a hurried signal to two men near him, and ere Clarence could even step within the stately hall they had sprung forward and laid strong but not painful hold on his arm.

"Clarence Seymour, we hold a warrant against you for felony!" said one of them, in a loud and distinct voice. "It is no use to resist. We have legal authority for what we do, and you must come quietly with us as our prisoner or take the consequences at your peril!"

(To be continued.)

THE HEIR OF INGLESIDE.

CHAPTER IX.

ARRIVED at Ingleside, Lyon summoned his valet. "Do you think," he asked, "that you could find Dolph Splinter?"

"Yes, sir. I can hit him sure."

"Dick, I have use for that fellow."

"Eh?"

"I am going to put him into the post-office as clerk and sole manager. Can you comprehend?"

"Ay."

Dick Bunker winked knowingly as he spoke. He could understand that his master wished to gain control of the mails, but he did not know—he had no clue to the knowledge—what was the chief motive.

"Will you start off at once, and bring Dolph back with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And tell him to keep mum on the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here are ten pounds. You can help Dolph if he needs it. Be sure he comes looking well. He is to play the part of a college graduate here."

"He can do it, sir, never fear."

"All right. And now be off."

On the evening of the third day from that Dick Bunker returned, and with him came Adolphus Splinter, a young man of four-and-twenty, exceedingly trim and good-looking, and accounted an excellent billiard player. He was of that large class to be found in every great city—children of circumstances. His brain was clear and ample, and his heart was not bad; but as an orphan in early boyhood he had been left to pick his way to manhood as best he could, and his way, without any free choice on his part, had lain through quagmires and quicksands. The labour of his life had sharpened his wits and at the same time blunted his conscience. His perceptive faculties were largely developed, but they had never been exercised in a moral direction.

After supper Lyon Hargrave called Adolphus into the library, and freely unfolded to him his plan. In conclusion he said:

"If you accept the place, Dolph, you can find board at the hotel in the village, or in some more retired place, if you will, and you may come up here and spend an evening when you please. What say you?"

Adolphus accepted the offer without hesitation, and promised to keep the faith. He would be true to the interests of his friend and patron in the office, and he would appear to be as studious as possible.

On the following morning Lyon took his protégé down to the village, and introduced him to Mr. Hardy.

Never had the old gentleman beheld a youth who impressed him so favourably. Such meekness and intelligence combined were rare. And then the young man spoke so sweetly and so correctly. Surely nothing coarse, vulgar, or profane, could inhabit so fair a temple. At the end of half an hour's conversation Mr. Hardy had engaged Adolphus Splinter as his clerk to take charge of the post-office. Touching the other matter, having seen the young man, and being so well pleased with him, the old gentleman was entirely willing to accept Lyon's word for the payment of the stipulated sum as rent.

Mr. Hardy kept the secret he had promised to Lyon, so the outsiders did not know of the young squire's hand in the matter. They only knew the

new hand in the post-office as a college student, seeking partial employment in business while he pursued his studies. And the people of Overton who had occasion to visit the post-office were greatly pleased with the change. The mail-matter was delivered with a promptness before unknown, and the young clerk was as courteous and polite as he was expert. The young ladies especially were pleased, and in time it came to pass that more than one fair damsel lingered longer at the office than there was absolute need of. But who can wonder? Not many young men had appeared in the place like this young man. And a scholar, too!

The winter wore away, and not another letter came to Lily from over the sea. She became anxious and alarmed. Surely some evil had befallen her lover.

The ice was gone from the river, and the snow had melted from the hills, and still no letter.

The grass grew green, the trees budded and blossomed, and the letter came not yet.

And then Lily felt in her heart that evil had fallen. She felt its chilling touch. She had applied at the post-office every day, but only to receive the same blank answer.

We will do Adolphus Splinter the justice to say that more than once his heart smote him sore, and he almost wished that he had not accepted his present situation.

One evening he went up to Ingleside, and delivered to Lyon a letter which should have gone to Lily Merton, and as he did so he said:

"Lyon, old boy, this is rather tough for me. I can't stand it always. When that girl came to the office this afternoon, so anxious and so suffering, I'm blessed if I hadn't half a mind to throw up my commission and give her the letter."

"Don't be foolish, Dolph. I mean the girl only well. This lover of hers is a nobody—a mere adventurer upon the sea—and it will be a mercy to her to break off the match. Look ye, my boy, when that girl is my wife I will make you a present of a hundred pounds over and above what I have already promised you."

"Oho! the wind sets in that quarter, does it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Lyon, I'll keep the faith now I am in for it, but I wish you could contrive some way to stop Miss Merton's coming to the office. Her face haunts me."

"My dear boy, don't you borrow farther trouble. I was thinking of that very thing when you came in. It is time that the letters were stopped—or, at all events, that she should stop going for them. She shall not trouble you much more. You will find Dick in the billiard-room, I think. Tell him to get you a bottle of wine."

When Adolphus had gone Lyon Hargrave locked the door, and then sat down by the lamp and opened the letter which had come so wickedly and so cruelly out of its course to him. It was dated at Calcutta. The writer was well and prosperous, and he would be happy but for one thing.

"I have as yet received but the one letter from you. Three ships have come in, with mail-bags from England, but not a letter for me. Oh, darling, if you knew how anxiously and how painfully I am waiting."

Then farther on he wrote: "I should not wonder, darling, if I came home captain of our ship. There is another large ship here the captain and first mate of which have died of fever—a ship belonging to the same owners as the 'Speedwell,' and Percy may take command of her. If he do I shall have this grand vessel. And, oh! how doubly glad should I be in my new position if I had a letter from you to keep my commission company."

With an exclamation Lyon Hargrave started to his feet and crushed the letter in his hand.

"Where is Sugg Witkili?" he cried. "Moors has not mentioned his name once in any of his letters. Is the man false, or has he failed? Sugg is not a coward. Good heavens! he must have had opportunity ere this."

Lyon went to the sideboard and swallowed half a tumbler of brandy, and then paced up and down with the crushed letter in his hand. At length he stopped.

"Don't give up yet!" he said, smiting himself upon the breast. "Sugg said he must wait until they reached a foreign port. Let us wait."

Then he drank more brandy, and then sat down to the table and drew writing materials towards him. And he wrote an article upon a slip of notepaper. And this article he copied upon two other slips, after which he sat down and awaited the coming of his valet.

"Dick," said he, when that individual made his appearance, "here are three items, or three copies of the same item, which I want published in the London papers to-morrow. Will you attend to it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not a word of whence they came."

"Of course not."

"All right. You have money enough?"

"Plenty."

"Then be off directly."

"It shall be done, sir."

"Good night."

"Good night."

And with this Lyon Hargrave drank another glass of brandy and then went to bed.

CHAPTER X.

It was on Saturday evening—now in the month of August—when the clerk of Mr. Merton brought the mail budget to the house.

Lily had not been to the post-office for several days. She had not the heart. Yet on this Saturday evening she awaited the coming of the mail anxiously. There might be something come. Little dreamed she what!

There was no letter for her. She stifled a sob, and sat down. Presently she recovered herself, and taking a morning paper she looked for the news. Lately she had been in the habit of reading the shipping intelligence. As she read a paragraph fixed her attention as if by a spell, even before she had distinguished a word. She read it. It was as follows:

"The painful intelligence comes to us of the death of Horace Moore, first-mate of the ship 'Speedwell.' He died in Calcutta of malignant fever. Also the captain and first-mate of the ship 'Xeres' died of the same fatal disease. These three were officers of surpassing excellence, and their untimely loss will be deeply felt."

Lily read, and swooned away, and later her father found her prone upon the floor with the newspaper clutched in her cold grasp. He summoned assistance and then sent for the doctor.

The blow did not kill. Under careful nursing Lily came back to life, and came back to a full realization of the calamity which had befallen her. Fever set in, with delirium, and the unhappy girl sank very low. She cared not to get well, though she had no thought of self-destruction.

"Mary," she said one day to her attendant, "I would rather die than not. I care not to live since Horace is dead. I shall meet him in a better world."

Mary Carter was a girl of six-and-twenty, or thereabouts, who had been in the family since the death of Mrs. Merton, now six years. She had proved herself faithful and capable, and was a good housekeeper—or a good hand to work, with Lily to manage. She really loved her young mistress, and sympathized with her in her misfortunes and grief, but she could not enter into the deeper feeling. Her heart had never been moved with such love as Lily had felt, and she knew nothing of its glory or its power. She did not like to see her lady so cast down—she did not think there was any need of it. She thought she would be acting the part of a friend to lift her mind from its melancholy brooding.

"Indeed, Miss Lily," she said, with honest sincerity, "there are friends in this world for whom you should live. There are many left who love you dearly. It is not good that you should be cast down of your own free will."

"Mary!"

"Pardon me, Lily—but you are harming yourself. You know for whom you ought to live. Did you not promise your mother when she was dying that you would take her place, as far as you could, in the household? Oh! my dear lady, remember how much you owe to others. Let the dark past go, and think of what good you may gain in the future."

"Hush, Mary! Say no more now."

That evening Lyon Hargrave called at Mr. Merton's, and he gave to Mary Carter a neatly folded parcel.

"It is a present for you, Mary," he said: "and I give it to you for your kindness to Lily. Oh, if you could only teach her to love me!"

Mary honestly sympathized with the man. She thought him all he professed to be. He had been very kind and very respectful to her, and she could not believe that evil was in his heart.

"Indeed, sir," she said, "if I could influence her that way I know I should be influencing her for her good."

"I think you would, Mary. But we must not be so abrupt. Help my love if you can and your good news shall not be forgotten. Win Lily back to health and strength as speedily as possible."

Lyon then went into Mr. Merton's study, where he found the old attorney reading. Their conversation at that time was not important, save a question and an answer at its close. Mr. Merton was fully as anxious that his daughter should become the wife of Lyon Hargrave as that gentleman was to make her such.

"Look ye, my friend," said Lyon, after he had put on his gloves, "considering that it would be best for

all concerned that your daughter should become mistress of Ingleside, would you be willing to second an innocent ruse to that end—that is, supposing that other means fail?"

"Anything, Lyon, within the bounds of human reason, to make Lily your wife."

"It shall not be a difficult task, Mr. Merton. We will perfect our plans in the future if we should find need."

And Lyon Hargrave went up to Ingleside, where some boon companions from town were awaiting his coming for a game at cards.

A few days after this Lily observed particularly the beautiful bouquet of fragrant flowers upon the stand between the windows of her chamber. When she came to think of it she knew they must be of hothouse culture, for the season of such flowers of native growth had passed.

"Mary," she said, "you are very kind to me, and others must be kind. Does my father bring those flowers?"

"No, Lily. They do not come from your father."

"Who sends them?"

"Can you not guess?"

"Is it—"

"Who?"

The sick girl started up to a sitting posture, and a bright red flush was upon her cheek.

"Is it—Lyon Hargrave?"

"Yes, Miss Lily. Oh, you don't know how that poor man sorrows for you—how he mopes and moans!"

Mary Carter was trying, perhaps, to pay for the bright new silk dress she had found in the package which Lyon had given her.

"Mr. Hargrave has been here almost every day, and—"

Lily interrupted her by a gesture.

"Let me take the bouquet, Mary."

Still sitting up in bed the sick girl took the fragrant flowers from the hand of her attendant, and, with true precision, hurled them out of the open window.

"No more! no more!" she gasped, and then sank back exhausted.

Mary was frightened; but the paroxysm did not prove a serious one. On the contrary, it acted as a healthful stimulant to the invalid's dormant energies. She had found something to excite her combativeness, and to start afresh the current of her life.

"Be not alarmed," she said, when she had regained her breath. "I am not faint; but I shall faint—I shall go mad—if you suffer another flower from that man's hand to enter my chamber. Oh, Mary, you don't know how I loathe, how I dread Lyon Hargrave! Hush! you don't know him yet. Say no more now; and, if you love me, speak not his name to me again."

What could Mary Carter do? She could not yet believe evil of Lyon Hargrave, nor could she willingly wound and pain the mistress whom she truly loved; so she held her peace, trusting that returning strength would bring with it to the invalid a clearer perception of her own interests. To the blunt and homely understanding of the housemaid only a woman bereft of sense would wantonly cast away such a prize as was offered as the mistressship of Ingleside.

For some days after that Mary received the flowers which Lyon Hargrave brought, or sent, and held her peace. She dared not carry them to Lily's room, and she had not the heart to tell to the donor the fate of his floral offerings. But the confession could not be long delayed. One day Lyon asked her if Lily had yet spoken of the flowers; and then, with a gulp, and with great effort, Mary told the truth. She did not know how to tell a falsehood.

Lyon Hargrave stamped his foot with rage, and a oath came near slipping from his lips, but he caught the expression of Mary Carter's face in season, and held back profane words.

"Pardon me, Mary," he said. "It was a sore blow."

"Of course it was, sir," cried the maid, sympathizingly; "and I would have helped it if I could. But the young lady is not herself. Wait, sir. Her heart is yet sore. Time may work wonders."

But Lyon saw more clearly. He did not think he could win Lily's love, nor her confidence. This made him angry, and he swore that the fair, stubborn girl should be his wife if she lived. In his rage and chagrin he was capable of doing anything. He went home, sat down at the table in the library, and when Dick Bunker came in his only remark was:

"Bring me some hot water and some sugar, and then leave me."

The hot water and the sugar were brought, and when Lyon was left alone he mixed a hot brandy toddy and drank it, and then mixed and drank another. Then he arose and paced to and fro.

"I think," he finally said, stopping in his walk,

and pressing his fingers upon his brow, "that Mr. Merton is in want of money. He plainly intimated to me, not many days ago, that he must raise a thousand pounds this month. I think I can throw the money in his way."

He went to the old cabinet, or secretary, and from one of the inner drawers he took a package of neatly folded papers, from which he selected half a dozen or so, and put them into his pocket-book. The others he restored to the drawer, and then, having drank more brandy, he went up into the billiard-room.

On the following morning Lyon soaked his head in cold water, and drank brandy and soda, and he flattered himself, when the brandy had reached his brain, that he was as good as new. Poor idiot he, and poor idiots all, for thinking so! Go, my fast-living youth and ask the man who has been through the mill how he likes the result. See him at middle-age, when the real comforts of life ought to be opening to him the way of peace and joy, broken and pain-stricken—his stomach a mere wreck and a seat of endless pains, and the very light of nature turned blue and sulphurous. Oh, it is a heavy penalty you must pay for these early drafts upon nature's powers, and be sure the bill will be presented—and be presented too by an agent who has the full fell power to enforce payment. Go on if you will; only know that the day of reckoning must come.

Ay, Lyon Hargrave, when the soda had stirred the stomach and the alcohol had mounted to the brain, felt as good as new, and when he had eaten his breakfast he called at the office of Asher Merton, Esq., whom he found alone. For a time the visitor led the conversation in ordinary channels, chatting pleasantly and smilingly. At length he took from his pocket-book a package of folded papers, saying, as he did so:

"Mr. Merton, here are notes and accounts left by my uncle—which should be settled. Will you look them over, and tell me if you think you can collect any of them? Of course I am not particularly in need of the money, but I do not like that such matters should stand too long unsettled."

The attorney took the papers, seven in number, and when he had examined them he selected four as good.

"These," said he, "I think I can collect; but the other three, I fear, are bad eggs."

"What is the amount of those you consider good?"

Merton figured awhile upon a piece of paper, and finally announced:

"The amount, principal and interest, is two thousand and ten pounds."

"And you think you can collect that?"

"I do."

"Then you may go at it as soon as you please."

Lyon had taken his hat and arisen as if to depart, when he stopped, and, with a smiling nod, remarked:

"It is a delicate subject, Mr. Merton, but I may say to you that any assistance I can render to one who is to become to me as a father, I shall not withhold. I think you understand me."

If the attorney understood, he made the wish father to the thought, and understood as his own necessities dictated.

"I think I understand," he said.

"All right," responded Lyon, heartily. "So you will make it for your own interest to collect as much of that money as possible."

And with that he took his leave.

And while he wends his way back to Ingleside let us look for a moment in at the post office.

Master Adolphus Splinter, as we have before intimated, had not a bad heart. Left to its own instincts, the humane part of it predominated. By this time he thoroughly understood Hargrave's plot against Lily Merton; and he had suspected from the first that the announcement of the death of Horace Moore had been of Lyon's fabricating, though he was not positively sure. His heart had fairly ached at sight of Lily's misery, and when he heard of her illness he felt that he had helped to contribute thereto. It was not for him a pleasant thought. He had come to regard the stricken maiden as something sacred—something far above the women he had known elsewhere—and when he thought of such a being—so pure and so good—forced to wed with Lyon Hargrave, he shuddered to the very core.

On this very morning when Lyon carried the papers to Mr. Merton Adolphus was in his possession a letter from over the sea—a letter bearing the Calcutta postmark, and also the postmark of the royal mail steamer from Bristol. He had had this letter four days. He had pledged his word to his employer that no such letter should reach Lily Merton and he would not break that word. It did not add to his happiness thus far to keep faith with Hargrave, but he had made the leap, and he felt that he must hold his ground, however unpleasant and ungrateful it might be.

But he had not pledged his word that he would deliver all letters directed to Lily Merton up to Lyon Hargrave. Of course such had been the understanding—implied as a part of the contract—but it had not been explicitly set forth as the other part had been.

In short, Adolphus Splinter was willing to tamper with the principle of "honour among thieves" in behalf of humanity. He had already been false to his employer in telling him that no letter had come, while at the very time of the declaration he had such a letter in his possession.

Late on the evening of that day, when Adolphus was alone, and after much travail of soul, he broke the seal of the letter from over the sea directed to Lily Merton, and he read it from beginning to end. Its burden was undying love, sorrow at not hearing from the absent darling, with hope and bright promise for the future. The writer was captain of a noble ship, and he had taught his crew to love him.

"My soul!" cried Adolphus, twisting the letter in his hands, "what would Lily Merton give for this bit of paper? Not all the medicine of all the doctors in the world could uplift her as could this!"

A brief pause, and then he continued:

"She cannot have it. I will keep faith with Lyon thus far; but, by Heaven! he shall never see it—nor shall he see another if I can help it. He may think what he pleases of the stoppage of the letters, but he shall not have them. So far as I can prevent it he shall not be armed against the poor girl with a knowledge of the movements of her true lover."

And Adolphus Splinter was true to his resolve.

By-and-by, Lyon Hargrave heard that another foreign mail had arrived with letters from India. He went to the post-office to see if a letter had come for Lily Merton.

"Not a letter," said Adolphus.

"The mail has come in?"

"Yes."

"And this makes the third mail bringing Indian letters since one came for Miss Merton?"

"The third—yes."

And Lyon Hargrave went away with a look of malignant triumph upon his dark face. He entered the library at Ingleside and sat down with a bottle of brandy at his elbow and a glass in his hand; and as he drank he muttered to himself:

"Sugg Witkill must have done his work. Farewell to you, Mr. Horace Moore!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE cool and grateful days of September had come. The ripening grain was bowing its sunny heads to the sweeping breeze, and the opening husks were revealing the golden corn. The fields were teeming with rich return to the thrifty husbandman, and the passers-by could see the blushing fruit in masses thick and rare, looking out from amid the foliage.

And with the coming of the genial season the health and strength of Lily Merton had returned. She was yet pale, and marks of melancholy were upon her face; but her eyes had regained their wonted lustre, and the cheeks were not hollow as they had been.

One evening as she sat alone in her workroom her father came in and sat by her side. There was a cloud upon his brow, and his movements were nervous and uneasy.

"My child," he said, with his hands clasped upon his knees, "I have come to talk seriously with you. The time for trifling is past."

The ice thus broken, he paused and took breath, and then went on, more freely:

"Whatever may once have been your feeling towards Horace Moore it cannot matter now. He is long since passed from the stage of existence, and you have had ample time for proper reflection. Had he lived I doubt if he could have been anything to you; but, dead, you should forget him. And now, Lily, you must give me your respectful attention. You know that I am about to speak of Lyon Hargrave. Do not turn away, but listen to me. You cannot say that Lyon has intruded himself upon you. Loving you as he does, has he not rather been wonderfully forbearing? He offers you his hand, and will make you the proud and honoured mistress of Ingleside. His heart you have possessed since first he knew you. Can you not be reasonable, my child, and turn your heart to him?"

"Turn my heart to Lyon Hargrave!" pronounced Lily, with a shudder that pervaded her whole frame. "Could you turn your heart to that which you utterly loathed and despised?"

"Lily, I cannot hear you speak thus. You have no cause for such loathing. Lyon has been towards you all that is honourable and loving."

"Honourable he can never be," retorted the girl, quickly; "and his love is more dangerous than his hate. If you love me, father, let this subject drop."

Oh, if you care for me one bit mention not his name in my hearing again!"

Asher Merton was slightly discomfited by this outburst, but he quickly regained himself, and the cloud upon his brow deepened and darkened in intensity.

"Lily," he said, very slowly, and with the tremulousness of strong emotion, "if you will not listen to reason perhaps you will listen to the call of stern necessity. What will you do if I am taken from you?"

"Taken from me? You?"

"Ay. If I am taken from you?"

"Surely, my father," with a bewildered look, "I do not understand you."

"And yet, my child, the thing may happen if you do not put forth your hand to save me."

"My father," cried Lily, seizing his arm, "what do you mean? What new horror is this?"

"It need not be a horror at all, Lily. You have it in your power to make it a blessing."

"In mercy's name, what is it?"

"Listen, my child, and you shall know. I had hoped that I might not be reduced to this extremity, but you have forced me to the revelation. You are aware that upon the death of Walter Hargrave I was indebted to him to a large amount for money borrowed. My acknowledgments Lyon, of course, holds. But under that claim he could only seize upon my visible property; and you know that were I to-day stripped of every penny I own it could not satisfy that claim, nor the half of it. But there is another more serious. Not many weeks since Lyon placed certain accounts in my hands for collection. I collected thereon two thousand pounds, and that money—"

"That money, father—what?"

"Oh, my child, I meant no wrong. I thought so surely that your heart would turn in time to Lyon, that—"

"You used the money?"

"Yes, I used the money. I was hard pressed—very, very hard,—and I thought—I thought—"

"That my hand would cancel the bond?" cried Lily, starting to her feet, and standing before her father with pale cheek and burning eyes. "You would sacrifice your child to the base use of trade! You would put the life of your own—"

Asher Merton put forth his hands so beseechingly that Lily stopped.

"Oh, my dear child," he said, with his hands extended and clasped together, "I did not think thus—as Heaven is my judge, I did not! I fully believed when the first pang of your grief had passed that you would willingly become mistress of Ingleside. Sit down, Lily. Don't stand there."

Lily resumed her seat, and her father proceeded:

"Lyon has confided all his love—all his hopes—all his fond and glowing aspirations—to me and I have sympathized with him deeply. I could not help it. You may say that my wish has been father to my thought. I shall not deny it; but I can assert that the wish was born of a most devout and earnest desire for the good of my child. Had Horace lived I might have withheld my aspiring hopes, but when I knew you had no other near heart-tie of earth I dared to hope that you would, in time, answer the love of Lyon Hargrave."

Lily, by a great effort, had somewhat calmed herself, and when she next spoke her voice was low and steady, though yet bearing the note of pain.

"Do you mean," she said, "that you have laid yourself liable to arrest and imprisonment?"

"It is too true, my child. Oh, do not blame me too severely. I thought no harm when I did it, and I meant no wrong. Lyon and I had talked so much of his love and of his hopes of wedding you that I had already come to regard him as a son-in-law; and when I had that money in my possession—money which I knew he did not need for use—and when I was pressed well nigh to distraction, I used it. Under the statute it may be made a crime, and if I cannot repay it I must—must go—"

"Hush! Answer me another question: Will Lyon Hargrave do this thing?"

"If all hope of winning your hand is denied him he will surely do it."

"And thus he would show his love for me?"

"Ah, my child, you do not know all the secrets of the human heart. You must not set the instincts of your own heart up as a test. Lyon can love most deeply, but he is not a saint. You should know that warmest love, under strong and aggravating provocation, may be turned to deadliest hate—that is, with some natures. After this long and anxious waiting Lyon may be driven to desperation, if he find himself finally and coldly cast off. He has the blood of his Italian mother in his veins; and though I believe he could be most kind in love, I know he can be most vengeful in anger and hate."

Lily arose, and paced several times across the

narrow apartment. At length she stopped before her father.

"Lester, my father," she said, in a hushed, frightened tone, "if I will not give my hand to Lyon Hargrave he will cast you into prison?"

"I fear he will."

"He has the power?"

"Yes, my child, he has the power, and no effort I can make can avert the blow."

"Then let me think. Say no more at this time. I am not fit to talk now. To-morrow evening come to me again. Hush! No more now."

Asher Merton left his daughter's presence bowed and stricken. He loved the dear girl as deeply as he was capable of loving anything, and at that moment he sorrowed and moaned because he had not money enough to pay off Lyon Hargrave's claim, and let him go. The last thing to touch his heart had been his daughter's anguish, and he held in that mood until another influence came.

An hour later Lyon Hargrave appeared in the attorney's study. He was respectful and polite, and still appeared anxious. Had Mr. Merton held the promised interview with his daughter?

Yes. And Merton related what had transpired. He did not repeat Lily's speech wherein she gave her estimate of the suitor's character, but he gave all that was necessary.

"She may relent, after all," said Lyon, hopefully; "and if she do, not only shall she be proud, honoured and happy, but you, my dear sir, shall know no more of financial trouble."

And now the sympathies of Asher Merton were tilting over upon the side of Lyon Hargrave, and the direction of his unspoken prayer was changed. Instead of wishing that he had money enough to pay Lyon's claim and let him go, he wished that his daughter might come to her senses and become mistress of Ingleside.

When her father had gone Lily Merton went into her chamber, and sat down before a painted picture of her mother. It was a sweet, mild face that looked out from the canvas—a face that told whence the child had derived her beauty.

"Oh! my sainted mother!" she cried, with folded hands upraised. "If you can look down upon me now let your sweet influence guide me! Oh! I need help very much."

After a time she sat down, with her head bowed upon her hand, and tried to think. Should she sacrifice herself to save her father? Had her father won the right to demand such sacrifice? Had Heaven made it her duty to grant the sacrifice, whether merited or not? And to what would the sacrifice lead her? To a life-long union with Lyon Hargrave!

She looked again upon the picture of her mother and the thought came to her that she had not only a mother in the better world but that another was there whom she might meet and love while eternity should last. And then came a wild, surging thought under the weight of which she broke entirely down. She dared think no more in the night. So she sought her pillow, and tried to sleep.

On the following day Lily walked away across the fields into the adjacent deep wood. All day long she was in motion, and not until the shadows of evening had fallen did she sit down to rest. When the candles were lighted she had become calm and quiet, but with a calmness and quietness that was cold and stern.

When her father came to her she asked him if he still wished that she should become the wife of Lyon Hargrave.

"For your own good, my child, I wish it," he answered.

"Oh!" she cried, indignantly, "put not my good into that scale. Answer me directly and honestly. On your own account do you wish me to marry with Lyon Hargrave?"

The attorney hesitated, but finally answered:

"Yes, Lily, if you will have it so, for my sake I would have you become his wife. But, my child, did I not truly believe—"

"Hush! Say no more. I have your wish, and I know its source; and now take my answer: In one year from the day on which Horace left me, if both you and Lyon Hargrave shall then demand it, I will become Lyon Hargrave's wife."

"Lily!"

"That is my answer."

"Do you remember the day you mention?"

"Yes. It was the twenty-third day of December."

"Then he must wait more than three months?"

"And is that long? You will remember that his proposal is now for the first time received by me."

"But, my child—"

Lily put out her hand and arose to her feet. She looked queenly as she stood there, and her

father quailed beneath the intense light of her steady eyes.

"My father," she said, "I told you I would give you my answer this evening. I have spent a night and a day in prayerful thought, and the answer is given. I have some rights left to me, and I will not surrender them. You may choose the manner of sacrifice, but I will choose the time. Go and tell Lyon Hargrave what I have said; and if after that he send you to prison, I will either go with you or I will go begging upon my knees to those who have the power of mercy and pardon. Go! I have said all."

And from that time Lily Merton moved about like one in a dream, cold and heart-broken, with no care for life, looking only to the shadowy land beyond the vale for rest.

As for Mr. Merton, he did not meet with the result he had feared. When he had told to Lyon his daughter's ultimatum that young gentleman seemed perfectly satisfied.

"It's just the thing," he said, tapping the attorney familiarly upon the shoulder. "It will bring our wedding at Christmas-time. We could not name it better. Let us hope that Lily thought of this when she named that day."

And Asher Merton tried to smile, and tried to think—or tried to make it appear that he thought—that Lily had had her mind thus directed. But he made poor work of it. And yet, in the end, he felt more at ease than he had felt for a long time. He told himself that his child would be happy in time, as mistress of Ingleside, and this he had cherished in his mind so long that he had really come to believe it.

Regarding Lyon Hargrave as the master of a million of money he had forgotten the shortcomings of youth, and had failed to detect the dark spots in the present. Very few, if any, are entirely free from bias of some kind; and when we consider Asher Merton's weakness, and his pecuniary situation, we shall not much wonder that he was anxious to marry his daughter to a millionaire.

When Lyon Hargrave reached Ingleside he found Adolphus Splinter in the billiard-room. When the game then in process had been concluded he called him down into the library. He felt fresh anxiety now concerning Horace Moore.

"Has there been any letter of late for Lily Merton?" he asked.

"Not a letter," said Adolphus, unblushingly.

"There have been foreign mails within a week?"

"Yes; two of them."

"She shall not have a letter which does not pass through my hands?"

"I swear it!"

And Adolphus swore honestly.

And on the very next day he delivered to Lyon two letters for Lily Merton.

Lyon loosened the seals with steam, and having found who the writers were, he resealed them and gave them back; and that evening Lily received friendly letters from two of her old schoolmates.

Adolphus had sworn that Lily Merton should receive no letters which did not pass through Lyon's hands; but within the week another letter had come from over the sea. This letter he did not read. He simply opened it, and saw that it was from Horace Moore, and then hid it away.

He had begun to chafe under his yoke. The position, even to him, was humiliating. And yet he would not entirely betray the man who had given him his confidence, nor would he entirely serve him. As he had said before, so he said again:

"If Lily Merton cannot read the letters of her true love Lyon Hargrave shall not read them!"

For two weeks Lyon did not visit the house of the attorney, but on the Sabbath evening following he ventured to call. He found Mr. Merton alone, and after a time he asked for Lily. The host said he would go and speak with her.

In a little while Merton returned with a troubled look.

"My daughter does not feel well, Mr. Hargrave, and she begs to be excused!"

"Does not feel well enough to see me?" said Lyon, biting his lips.

"Indeed, my dear boy, we must trust to time. There is no use in my trifling with you. You know the girl. She will come around by-and-bye."

"Never mind," returned Lyon. "So she keeps her promise. I care not for the rest. Only—she should know that she cannot commence to smooth the way of her married life too soon! It might be well if you made her understand this."

Mr. Merton said he would seek to impress this self-evident fact upon his daughter's mind.

A few days after this—it was in the beginning of October—Adolphus came up to Ingleside, bringing another letter addressed to Lily Merton.

Lyon broke the seal, and ran his eyes hastily over

the opening sentences of the letter, and then glanced at the bottom and read the name of the writer. An oath burst from his lips as the hand which held the letter dropped upon his knee. But he recovered himself quickly, and said to Adolphus, with a light laugh:

"It is from an old flame. I think I shall hand it to the lady myself. What say you to a game of billiards?"

Adolphus was willing, and having drunk some brandy, they adjourned to the billiard-room. But Lyon played badly, and soon gave up his cue to Dick Bunker.

(To be continued.)

THE TICHBORNE DOLE.

AMONG the private local charities none is on so large a scale as the famous "Tichborne Dole." The idea we now attach to the word "dole" is ludicrously inappropriate in this case, where the gift is in the proportion of one gallon of the best wheat flour to each adult and half a gallon to each child, and where the number of recipients is generally between five and six hundred, including the inhabitants of two parishes. This custom is seven hundred years old and was first instituted on the Tichborne estate by Dame Mabel, the wife of Sir Roger de Tichborne, knight, in the beginning of the twelfth century. The foundress was renowned for her piety and charity, and by her own people was looked upon as a saint. The family record says that she was so charitable to the poor that, not content to exercise that virtue all her lifetime, she instituted the "dole" as a perpetual memorial of her goodness and entailed it to her posterity. It is distributed yearly on the 25th of March.

A large oil-painting, now hanging in the dining-room of Tichborne House, and representing the distribution of the "dole" was painted in 1670, and is considered as one of the most valuable family relics. The costumes of the period are faithfully represented, most of the prominent figures are portraits, and the scene is laid within the courtyard of the old manor, with its sculptured gables and picturesque mullioned windows. The present house, roomy and comfortable as it is, is a plain, unpretending building, with no architectural features to recommend it, but the park and grounds are very beautiful, the old trees disposed in deep glades and avenues and the situation altogether very picturesque. Since the trial has made everything bearing the name of Tichborne a target for curiosity the occupants have been sadly annoyed, and access to the house was at last, in self defence, denied to strangers who came simply as sight-seers.

The "dole" distribution, as we have said, takes place every year. Last spring it was attended with less show than usual, owing to the illness of the little boy who now represents the old name of Roger Tichborne, in consequence of which none of the ladies of the family were present. But despite the absence of the festive arrangements by which it is usually accompanied, the main business was the same as it has always been since Dame Mabel's time. About nine o'clock the fine old park became thronged with men, women and children, all carrying bags and baskets in which to stow away the "bounty." The distribution was made at the back of the house. The people gathered in groups, dressed in all sorts of plain, dilapidated country garments. The women were in the majority, most of them hale and hearty, the wives and daughters of labourers who were too busy to come in person. Nine sacks, each containing fifty gallons of flour, were emptied by two sturdy miller's men into an immense tub.

PRINCE LEOPOLD has been elected a member of the London Freemasons' Lodge, the Westminster and Keystone, No. 10. He will be shortly raised to the sublime degree of M.M.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—The thirty-first season of the Musical Union has been inaugurated by a performance in every sense worthy of the institution that has rendered so much service to a taste for classical art in this country. Papini led the quartet with Wiener, Waelghem and Lasserre—the ensemble was perfection, with unity of style and a minute observance of light and shade in expression. A trio by one of the modern lights of young Germany, Raff, introduced Herr Stoeger as pianist. This difficult composition was also rendered in a superior manner, and greatly admired. The German pianist, Stoeger, long established in Paris before the reign of Communism, favoured the audience with a toccata of Bach in a style which at once proved him to be an artist of consummate skill and a thorough master. Bach posited, as we heard it described by Stoeger in this toccata, was a great treat.

CONFESION AMONGST JURYMEN.—There appears to be a growing practice of confession amongst jurymen, which, if possible, should be sternly repressed.

In all great cases where the jury disagree, or the verdict is in any way remarkable, we are speedily informed of the why and the wherefore of the proceeding. In the great Orton trial there were many persons who professed, with some show of authority, to be in possession of the views of each individual jurymen. In Charlton v. Hay, where the jury disagreed, statements were freely made as to the nature of the division, the number for and against a verdict for the plaintiff being confidently stated and not contradicted. And lastly, we are furnished with a singular history of the manner in which the Scotch jury in Johnson v. the "Athenum" arrived at the damages awarded. It is very remarkable that any jury should have resorted to the method disclosed of estimating damages for libel; but it is still more remarkable that any one of the jurymen should have made the world acquainted with it.

THE MARTYRED HEROINE.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Joan d'Aro was taken prisoner the Te Deum was celebrated in Paris, by order of the Duke of Bedford, and the whole English populace held high carnival in expression of their triumphant pride.

Joan was taken first to John of Luxembourg, and then to Beaurevoir prison; from here she was removed to Arras, and from there to Le Crotoy, at the mouth of the Somme. Here the maid made two daring attempts to escape—once breaking a passage through a wall, and a second time jumping from the tower of her prison headlong to the ground, but each time she was discovered and taken back to her prison cell, and then watched with renewed vigilance by her cruel jailors. Then the heart of the brave maid began to despair. She gave up all hopes of escape—she could no longer evade her fate.

Time passed on, and Joan was taken to Rouen, where the young King Henry and all the leading men of England were assembled. Here she was led into the great tower of the castle, an iron cage made for her, and her feet were secured by a chain, and in this position she remained for a long period.

While the maid was thus inhumanly treated in prison her captors were endeavouring to frame some excuse for her death; and with the French army there was one loyal soldier, Paul Alluf, who was thinking how he could find some way to reach the English prison, to enter its strong-bound doors, and discover some way of escape for the beautiful prisoner closely guarded there.

A few long, weary months went by, and on the 21st of February, 1431, in the chapel of the Castle of Rouen, the trial of Joan d'Aro began. She was habited as was her wont when leading the French soldiers to battle, in her military dress, and over this hung the strong iron chains which had been placed there by her captors. Her face was pale from her long prison confinement, but her courage and spirits were firm and unyielding. For fifteen days she was closely questioned by the stern accusers and doctors who were called in to prosecute this inhuman trial. But to every question, every calumny, every evidence which was brought against her this firm, heroic maid gave clear, intelligent replies; and at length her captors, finding that they could not then find sufficient cause for her death, remanded her back to prison, and left her there in more rigorous confinement than before.

One evening Joan d'Aro sat in her prison cell. It was the third day after she had been sent back to its narrow limits. The morn came in, faint and struggling, through the prison bars of the little window away up near the ceiling of the cell. She was aroused from her kneeling posture before the little iron bed, and rose from it to behold the cell door close upon a guest, who entered and advanced toward her. The jailer had thrust in a small taper upon the little stand near the entrance, and then swung to the heavy door again, and left her with her visitor.

"I am come, noble maid, to offer you liberty, if you will but accept it," said the deep-toned voice of the man as he came close to her side and drew the iron chair near and seated himself therein.

"That you cannot give to me," said Joan, in reply. "My fate is decided. My persecutors will not stay short of my death."

"But I can find a way for your escape. I can give you your life if you will take it at my hands. Listen! I love you, Maid of Orleans, beautiful Joan d'Aro. Since I first beheld you, when you were borne through the streets of Rouen captive to your prison cell here, I have thought of nothing save your beautiful face, with its wonderful, lustrous eyes, and I have now found a way to your here to day. I have bribed the jailer. I once did the man a service and he is my friend. If you will but go with me, and love me in return, even as I do you,

then I can take you from this cell, and find a way by which you shall escape to some other land where you will be safe from all foes evermore. But you must promise me first that you would not take up arms against my countrymen again; and, last, but not least, that you will return my passion. Will you do this, fair Maid of Orleans? Only say me yes and you no longer remain an inmate of this vile prison; but you shall be free and happy as the gayest lark that flies the heavens of a summer morn;" and the Englishman paused, awaiting her reply.

"It is impossible, sir. I cannot bind myself by any such words. Were I at liberty, it would become my duty more than ever to assist my own nation to be free from the rule of your cruel English people. And Joan d'Aro has no heart or hand to give to any save her country's service."

"But bethink you, beautiful maid, bethink you how you will suffer. How the populace long for your blood! Do not give it to them recklessly! Do not throw away this only chance of life! I will make you a noble lady. Nay, I will even wed you if you will not come with me otherwise, for I swear that I love you as no mortal I ever beheld before. Oh, say, sweet maid, that you will not refuse this last, this only way of escape! I cannot bear that you should die—so beautiful and so young. You will go with me, will you not, Maid of Orleans? and I will become your most devoted subject in all sore matters of war?" and the English nobleman, youthful, handsome, and impassioned, knelt before Joan, and, with pleading, uplifted eyes, awaited her reply.

But Joan d'Aro sadly shook her head as she said in low, sweet, grateful tones:

"I cannot accept your offer. I am grateful to you for your kind interest, and for your warmer feeling, but I have no heart to give you. That is bound up in my country, and it would break in turning from its long affection. I will meet my fate. I know what that may be—perhaps death; but your people are mistaken when they think they will conquer France after I have gone. Le bon Dieu will not allow it. But He will still continue to give victory to the French; and it will not be long ere every Englishman will be driven from our border," she replied.

"And you will not listen with favour to me?" continued the nobleman. "Alas! you will but go to your fate too surely. I beg of you, lovely maid, do not be so cruel to yourself. Your people can do without you. They must lose you for ever if this trial be continued. Then pause and be not reckless enough to sacrifice yourself when there is a way of escape provided."

"Alas! I cannot take it! This is my answer—I cannot take it! Send me, noble sir, to my fate! Le bon Dieu will make it easy for me to bear let it be what it will, and He will reward you as I cannot for your kindness in coming to me thus," said, Joan tremulously, and with tears in her eyes.

"Farewell, then, strange yet wondrously beautiful maid! Farewell, I see 'tis useless to persuade you farther. I go from you, but my heart will ever bleed for your cruel sufferings—your bitter fate. Oh, 'tis dreadful that you will not let me see you escape, mistaken, misguided girl! I realize that your mind and heart are firm as brave; so I must, though sorrowfully, leave you to your doom. But I will come to see you once again at some future time, when you will have leisure to think of what I have said in this visit."

And the nobleman, bowing low in a respectful manner, left the cell and Joan d'Aro alone to her thoughts.

But if this English peer had hoped to change her purpose he was mistaken, for she only murmured after he had departed:

"He was kind, and I am grateful to him for it; but I could not gain my liberty by such a way."

Then she lay down upon her hard pallet, and fell into a calm, sweet sleep, from which she did not arouse till the morning sun came streaming in upon her face through the iron bars of the little window above.

Upon the afternoon of the next day came another visitor to the cell of the Maid of Orleans. He was habited as a priest, and gained admittance by presenting a forged paper, purporting to be from the Bishop of Beauvais and desiring him to enter and confess the maid, who, it was hoped, would make known to him some of the crimes with which she was accused—those of sorcery, and the like.

And so, in this guise, Paul Alluf obtained entrance to Joan's cell.

The door had scarcely closed upon the jailer ere he cast aside the cowl and hood and long cloak which had enveloped him, and stood revealed before the astonished maid.

"I have gained admittance to you, at last, Joan," he said. "It has been a long, weary time of waiting, since I came to Rouen, and sought to find a way to your cell, and many times I've attempted



[THE IMPRISONED MAID.]

it, and only escaped with my life. But now, thanks to this last disguise, I have been successful, and am here. Now, Joan, I have come to save you from your captors. You must take my cloak and hood and cowl, and in them you can pass securely by the jailer, through the outer door, and in safety to the horse at the end of the street, and be speedily borne out of Rouen and far from any danger. The attendant in waiting knows where you will be safe. He is true to us, for he is your brother Pierre, disguised as an English page; you have only to haste in this disguise, Joan, and do as I have said, and you will soon be safe from the dangers which now menace you."

Paul Alluf paused here and waited for Joan to take up the garments he had lain aside and wrap them closely about her. But the Maid of Orleans had other thoughts than finding a way of escape and leaving her faithful friend to suffer in her stead, for well she knew that he would fall an immediate victim to the rage of her cruel captors. She took up the garments and held them towards Paul, saying:

"No, my friend, you shall not bear my punishment. I am not so ungrateful for your past kindness as to leave you now a prisoner in my stead. I well know what would be your fate when the fraud was discovered. I am thankful, I am overcome by this proof of your friendship; but you must put on those garments again, and go back to Domremy without me. Tell Pierre—tell my father and mother, and Marie, with her parents—that I shall never see them again." Her voice shook here, and the tears fell streaming from her beautiful eyes; but she went on. "Tell them all that I have done my duty, that I send them my affection and my prayers, and that by-and-by we shall all meet in a happy world where there will be no more wars to separate friends and dear ones. Tell Marie that I pray for her happiness, and the wedded love of you two, Paul—you and her. You will not long mourn Joan—you must not, for her life was to be given to her country from the time of her earliest thoughts. You too must be happy. It is my wish, Paul, and I know it will be granted. Pierre will find a sweet, peaceful home with pretty Eloise Vienne; and my father and mother must not mourn that Joan could not stay with them longer in their little cottage in Domremy."

"But, Joan, you must not refuse to escape. Bethink you how easy the plan is, and how quickly you can again reach Domremy and your waiting parents there! Their hearts are nigh distracted with grief now at your captivity. Oh, Joan, you will go, for their sakes, if not for mine and your own!" exclaimed Paul Alluf, entreatingly.

"'Tis hard, but I must abide here. If you could be released too then I would gladly escape; but, my noble, generous friend, I cannot leave you in my place to suffer what I know will follow when you are found here and I am far away. No, no! do not ask it of me, but go back yourself. Tell my brother Pierre that I would have come had it been possible we both could have reached his side. Go you now, as I have said, with him to my parents, and comfort them in their grief; and, by-and-by, when all is over, take Marie to your heart, and be happy in her affection, and let no memory of Joan d'Arc cast a blight upon your lives—for think that she has accomplished her mission to France and her king and gone to join the sweet company of the spirits who often cheered her in her work."

And the young girl raised her eyes to Heaven, and uttered these last words with a solemn, impressive voice, which went to the heart of her listener.

From that moment Paul Alluf felt that it would be hopeless to entreat Joan further to escape. And it was with a sorrowful heart and countenance that he resumed the robes that she now held towards him as she said:

"Haste! the jailer will soon be here, and you must not be found in other guise than when you entered. You must reach Domremy in safety again, otherwise my suffering would be greater did I know that you had fallen into danger in coming to me."

A few minutes later the jailer swung back the heavy door again and entered, to behold Joan kiss the crucifix which the disguised friar held to her lips; then he escorted the priest from the cell, closed and barred the heavy door after their exit, and left the Maid of Orleans alone, a solitary prisoner again.

As this heroic maid sat upon the side of her pallet she could not for some little time resist giving vent to her thoughts in broken words and with dimmed, weeping eyes.

"I must die!" she murmured. "Yes, I see it clearly—I must die! There is no way of escape now, and I could not accept those that offered. 'Tis terrible to die in youth and health; but 'twill be my fate. The Dame Dourell told me of a dark ending to my life! She spoke only too truly when she prophesied what my future was to be. But I will not shrink from it! My enemies shall not know that Joan d'Arc feared to meet her fate at their hands. France will be saved! My king is crowned! and I can die without dread now that I know that my mission is won!" and the young girl's face lighted up with a sweet, happy, heroic smile as she ceased.

After that visit of Paul Alluf, Joan d'Arc's health began to fail. Not that she was ill in reality, but her long imprisonment, and the thoughts of home which his visit called up, told upon her. A feeling of homesickness took possession of her, yet she was firm not to accept liberty on other terms than an unconditional release. Though the English made offers to her that if she would renounce her "heretical belief," as they termed her faith, she should regain her freedom, yet she was firm; and even had she been otherwise they had no serious thoughts of ever giving to their prisoner either her liberty or life, for they had fully determined that life should pay the forfeit of her crimes—her wonderful successes in the battles she had won from them for France.

On the 24th of May, 1431, just a year from the day on which she was taken prisoner, Joan was brought out from her cell to listen to a sermon preached publicly in the churchyard of St. Owen. Afterwards a paper was presented to her to sign, which she at first refused to do. But upon being threatened with instant death if she did not comply, and becoming confused, owing to her long confinement and weakened health, she at length grew wavering and replied:

"I would rather sign than burn," and put her mark to the paper.

This was all that was desired by her bitter enemies, the crafty and cruel Bishop of Beauvais and the Cardinal of Winchester. She had in signing this paper confessed to the crimes with which they charged her—as receiving the aid of evil spirits upon the battle-field, and as admitting that she had always been assisted by the Evil One.

Poor Joan d'Arc! She was remanded back to prison for a little space only; then to be dragged forth to receive her sentence to be burned as a heretic and a witch in the presence of the rude populace in the market-place of Rouen.

On the day following her condemnation she was surprised to see the entrance into her cell of the young English nobleman who had before visited her with offers of liberty.

He had come again to renew them. But, though the girl listened, with grateful thoughts and tearful eyes, to his impassioned pleadings, she still remained firm as before in her denial.

"I thank you from my deepest heart, good sir. But no Englishman can save me from the fate the English would deal out to me. For I have thrice ere now said that for Joan d'Arc is no man's love."

And so her noble lover was forced to leave her to her martyr's fate. Alas, poor Joan!

(To be continued.)



[THE BEGINNING OF VENGEANCE.]

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM

CHAPTER IX.

When affliction thunders o'er our roof
To hide our heads and run into our graves
Shows us no men, but makes us Fortune's
slaves. *Johnson.*

So deeply did the twain drink that when he awoke in the morning in his humble home poor Karlovitz's throbbing temples appeared bursting with imprisoned blood, and the disclosures of the over-night seemed like the terrors of some hideous dream.

He started from his bed of skins, and there, in a corner of the apartment, lay, similarly couched, his loofer companion of the evening.

After some hasty ablutions and a copious draught of the pure spring, to quench the burning thirst born of the vile corn-spirit of which the temperate Karlovitz had in his excitement imbibed thrice the quantity that had ever before passed his lips at a single sitting, he returned to the hut.

His comrade still slept. But his face was swollen and flushed, his breathing stertorous, and his countenance was just assuming a lividity that terrified the beholder. He strove to awaken him, but in vain. He hastened into the town, and upon inquiry found a doctor, with whom he returned to the sleeper.

A copious bloodletting rescued the patient from impending apoplexy, but the medico, before departing, informed the perplexed Karlovitz that there was congestion of the brain; and, so far as he could at present diagnose, a marsh-fever, which would last many days, had firm hold of the unfortunate patient.

Karlovitz felt that the young man demanded his care, and the good fellow at once constituted himself his nurse and attendant.

For seven days the fever and delirium increased in intensity; and during this time the circumstantiality with which the demented wretch went through detached passages of his former life so fixed the attention of his attendant that he could not fail to recognize the truth of the strange scenes thus vividly reproduced. At one time the sick man would go through the circumstances of the sanguinary duel in which he slew the Junker count, adding the strongest justifications of his blood-guiltiness. Then he would quarrel with "good uncle Anthony," and demand three thousand pounds sterling, and laugh hysterically over obtaining it. Anon would he recount, as to some unseen listener, the true story of his quarrel with his father; the recrimination, the blow, the sword-stab, the death, and the hurling of the corpse from the cliff; not omitting fiendish glances

at his after-thought of charging the murder on "good uncle Anthony!"

Karlovitz could no longer doubt that the real murderer lay before him; but that Anthony Goldstein was an accessory he was equally convinced. In his dire perplexity poor Karlovitz knelt and sought direction from above. He arose much calmed.

"Yes!" said he, "my course is plain. First, I will seek out my young master, and to him will I disclose this tangled web of crime. He has the wealth and power to claim his birthright and to punish the murderers of his father. Once on the track, to me will belong the conviction and punishment of this vile assassin, from whom, however, I must conceal my knowledge until I have him safe in the clutches of justice."

From the seventh day Leopold, thanks to an iron constitution which had outlasted even his wild excesses, rapidly recovered, and on the fifteenth day, though still enfeebled by the sequelæ of the fever, the faithful Hungarian and his invalid charge repaired to Melbourne. There they secured berths on board a vessel bound for Havre de Grace and Southampton—Leopold wishing to avoid, for reasons of his own, a visit to German soil in the first instance.

Previous to their departure, however, Karlovitz, who was not deficient in shrewdness, and who no longer made an absolute confidant of Leopold, took a step which led to unforeseen consequences.

At a visit he made to the Austrian consulate, the youthful serf had met a countryman—a Hungarian—whose knowledge of tongues had made him valuable, first in Vienna, and then in a foreign diplomatic capacity. To this gentleman Karlovitz disclosed the leading features of his discovery, asking his advice and assistance. The official was deeply interested in his disclosures, and, having obtained from a gentleman at the French consulate some particulars of the position, rank, and whereabouts of the young French naval officer of whom Karlovitz was in search, a letter was written by the Hungarian attaché to M. Stephen Zamose, which he hoped would pave the way for the coming of Karlovitz and his witness, and moreover insure their success in quest of justice and restitution. This letter was sealed and despatched for Paris by one of the English mail boats, and was consequently delivered there some days before Karlovitz and Leopold could reach Havre.

In a tastefully furnished apartment in the old Faubourg St. Germain sat a lady of graceful carriage and lofty mien, dressed in a modish negligée of white cachemire, elaborately braided, and trimmed

with knots of bright cerise ribbon down its open front, which disclosed a jupon of rich quilted silk. Time had dealt lightly with her fair skin, though the critical eye would certainly not have awarded her the first ownership of the rich arconous bunches and plaits which formed the preposterous chignon, falling low on the nape of the slender neck of Camille, Comtesse d'Andemar.

The room was strewn with cuttings of silk, velvet, and satins; the tables covered with larger breadths of the same material; while from two special work-tables it was evident the modistes had only just departed, in pursuance of a desire of the mistress of the mansion for an unrestrained conversation with the young officer and the graceful girl, who had just been summoned to the presence of their elated parent.

"Oh, Stephen, such news. I have a letter—two letters—this morning by the first post. Braunberg here writes me that there are to be three days' festivities at Altstadt, whence we go to—where think you? To Vienna by rail, and thence by easy stages to Zamose. The first marriage ceremony will be here in Paris, at the Embassy, and you, my dear Clotilde—Baroness Braunberg, I mean—will be presented to the Empress Eugénie, while Rachel; but no, that event is to be celebrated in far-off Temesvar. But where are the letters?" and, snatching them from a blotting-case before her, she thrust them into the hands of Stephen and Clotilde, who were somewhat amused at their good mother's excitement.

There was a pause; and then a servant entering handed a ship-letter to the young officer. He looked at it, but the superscription was not known to him. He apologized, and retired to his apartment.

Thrice did he spell through the clerkly epistle, which was worded in excellent French, and written in a lawyer-like hand. It gave, in the most clear and concise manner, an account of the circumstances in relation to the death of his father, to which, it stated, the two men now on their way from Australia were prepared to depose. One of these persons, Karlovitz, the huntsman, dwelt in young Stephen's childish memory—the other he had never known.

We have said Stephen had an instinctive aversion to Anthony, and now this hitherto unaccountable dislike appeared suddenly explained. He would not speak to either his mother or sister, but would seek Anthony Goldstein and challenge him upon these awful charges. Youth is rash; in one hour Stephen presented himself, flushed and trembling, in the Rue Castiglione, and without a word spoken placed the letter in the hands of Anthony Goldstein, who had just returned from 'Change.

The banker seated himself, after a courteous salute to the young man, and applied himself to the perusal of the letter.

As he proceeded he became aware of the eager gaze with which the son of his victim was watching him. He read on mechanically, until the writing danced before his eyes; the room turned round; and Anthony Goldstein sank upon the floor in a strong convulsion.

Stephen was petrified. He picked up the fatal manuscript and called for assistance, which came promptly. A physician was quickly in attendance. The man of science declared that M. Goldstein had long suffered from heart disease—that too great attention to business had overwrought his brain. That the heat of the day, with an insufficient ventilation of his private room, had aggravated and accelerated the attack; and with these and other sagacious guesses, all wide of the truth, Anthony Goldstein was conveyed to his house, and Stephen left in wonder and indecision to await the arrival of the two witnesses who should confirm and make clear that which to him as yet seemed an almost impossible and incoherent romance.

In a few hours Anthony Goldstein had recovered to such a degree that he ordered—and his will was law—writing materials to be brought to his study-chamber. Through the hours of darkness he laboured with his pen; and ere morning dawned he had prepared four packets of manuscript. The first was addressed "To Stephen, Count de Zamosec." The second "To Rachel, Countess Van Altstadt." The third "To Benjamin, Baron Braunberg." The fourth "To Clotilde." There were two other letters marked: "To Leopold Goldstein" and "To Karlovitz, the Huntsman."

These placed in order on his dressing-table, the unhappy man proceeded to unlock a small cabinet; he took from it a phial containing a colourless fluid; then, compassing himself on the bed, he placed it to his lips, gave one short, sharp cry, and Anthony Goldstein was no more.

The millionaire had ended a miserable existence!

CHAPTER X.

THERE were dismay and consternation in more than one house on that eventful morn.

Stephen had informed his mother how near he had been to marrying the daughter of the man he as yet believed to be his father's murderer, and how his sister had also been about to become the bride of the murderer's brother. As for the poor countess, her weak brain reeled under the double blow, and her only resource was to declare her utter disbelief of everything and everybody and her abiding faith in the goodness of her "excellent Anthony" and the wicked perjury of his base accusers.

The city, too, was agitated and business was for a time suspended when the news of the sudden death of the head of the great House of Goldstein first broke like a thunder-clap on the courtiers of the Bourne.

The first shock over, Stephen hastened to the town house that was Anthony Goldstein's and there found the young Baron Braunberg as overwhelmed with astonishment as himself.

That person had, however, acted with great judgment and prudence. Having perceived the packet specially directed to himself, he proceeded to obey its injunctions.

First, it desired that the death of the unhappy writer might, if possible, be assigned to natural causes, for the sake of the living rather than of the sinful dead. Next, it declared, as in the immediate presence of his Maker, that Leopold, the natural son of the count, with his own hand murdered his unhappy father. Then came an entire restitution of the lands and possessions of the Count Zamosec, coupled with the gift of the bulk of the personal property of the writer and a solemn supplication that this might pass, together with the hand of the Countess Rachel, to Count Stephen; the more so as the life of one Rachel was due from the House of Zamosec to the humble House of Goldstein. And, lastly, it implored a blessing on the union of his brother and Clotilde, as completing the chain of restitution and restoration of happiness to all.

The paper directed to the Count Stephen gave a clear narrative of the events by which the Zamosec and Goldstein families had become connected. It absolved its writer from actual blood-guiltiness, while it confessed, with penitence, his sinful acceptance of the consequences of another's crime; and finally it exhorted the young Stephen not to visit the sin of the father upon his innocent child.

The third, "To Rachel, Countess Van Altstadt," implored his child, by the love he bore to her, to fulfil his wishes by giving her hand, with his wealth, to the young Count Stephen, whose love for her was his great comfort in that moment of supreme agony.

That to Clotilde was to the same effect, in many points, as that to his brother, but contained a handsome bequest and presents, with a hope that his brother might prove a husband worthy of her excellences.

The letter to Leopold simply fixed that person with his crime, and that to Karlovitz laid on him the injunction to secure the murderer, to have him conveyed to Hungary for trial and condemnation, and expressed a hope that in the market-place of Zibin, in pursuance of the country's custom, he might expiate the crowning crime of his cruel life, as the author of so much misery and sin in himself and to others.

That evening a solemn conseil de famille was held at the house of the Countess d'Andemar, from which, however, that lady, after a couple of swoons and prolonged hysterics, was conveyed to her apartments. Thereafter matters were consulted upon with an awful sense of responsibility on the part of the principal actors. Copious tears from Clotilde, and sympathetic moanings from Rachel, were paid as tribute to the sad fate of the hapless Count Leopold, and burning indignation, and a resolve for vengeance, dominated the breast of young Stephen, and in a lesser degree that of the baron. As to the continuance and confirmation of the engagements between the "high contracting parties" as the newspapers would have called them, their eyes, during the reading of the passages relating to them, written by the hand as yet scarcely cold in death, rendered all words superfluous. Each read the other's soul in his or her looks; and a silent tear on the fair cheek of Clotilde, and a like crystal tribute to sorrow on the eyelid of Rachel, were kissed from their passive owners with a passion too deep for speech.

The council broke up. The baron hastened back to the house of death, and the papers next morning announced:

"On the 23th, at his house near Chantilly, of heart disease, after a few hours' illness, Anthony Goldstein, principal of the firm of Braunberg-Goldstein Freres et Compagnie, Bankers, in the 32nd year of his age."

The world was told through a similar agency:

"The sudden death of the eminent financier M. Anthony Goldstein, which followed upon an apoplectic fit which took place at his place of business, Rue Castiglione, on Wednesday evening, has thrown more than one family of distinction into mourning. The Barony of Braunberg was about to be shared by the beautiful daughter of the accomplished Countess d'Andemar, while the Count Zamosec, of one of the most ancient families in Hungary, was about to be allied with the Countess Rachel von Altstadt, only daughter of the deceased. It is whispered that the melancholy event, which we chronicle in our 'necrology,' will merely delay for a certain period the celebration of these illustrious alliances."

Et ainsi va le monde. Anthony Goldstein was borne with the utmost splendour to a carte blanche to the directors of Les Pompes Funebres could command to the Chemin de Fer de l'Allemagne, for conveyance to the Castle of Altstadt, where the last honours were to be paid.

Not a whisper of aught but a natural visit of that "pallida Mors,"

Qui meque pede palat pauperum in tabernaculis, Legumque turres,

was heard, even in the gossip of the circles; and even the pious improved the occasion by the stereotyped reflection of how vain are worldly wealth and vast possessions to postpone even for a moment the summons of "the fell sergeant, death;" while other moralists dilated on the sad fate of one who was snatched away in the midst of the unrestrained enjoyment of life's most coveted possessions. To-day the happy and envied possessor of millions, to-morrow "so poor that there is none so mean as to owe him homage."

But not one of these sayers of wise sayings ever guessed that the wretched Anthony had cast off the burthen of a life no longer supportable under the daily accumulating load of his ill-gotten wealth.

"Let the dead bury their dead," we have to do with the living.

That very evening Count Stephen, as arranged at the conseil, left Paris for Havre, where he duly arrived at early morn. The steamer containing Karlovitz and his companion had made a good run, and was soon after signalled from the Custom House at noon.

As she entered the harbour the customs' boat that put off was accompanied by a man-of-war's cutter, in the stern-sheets of which was seated a naval officer with two men, the one a sergeant de ville, the other one of the new semi-military Parisian police recently established by the Emperor Napoleon.

No sooner did they come within hail than the joy of poor Karlovitz, who was peering over the

gunwale, and who at once recognised in the young officer the Count Stephen, was irresistible. He rushed to the sponson to embrace him as he ascended from the companion-ladder. Before, however, he could effect his intention he was checked by the woo-begone and pallid aspect of the young man, and a deprecatory wave of the hand caused the poor fellow to fall back in alarm. The next moment, however, he was reassured by the cordial shake of the hand with which the young officer greeted him.

"Is your comrade on board?" asked Stephen, in a voice almost inaudible with emotion.

"He is gambling with some messmates in the fore-castle."

"Bring him hither."

In a short time Karlovitz returned.

"There is your prisoner!" said Stephen to the officers, and the word was scarcely uttered when the astonished Leopold found himself grasped by both arms, and at the same instant heavy iron handcuffs were snap-locked on his wrists.

The prisoner glared like a wild beast at his captors.

"This is all wrong," said he: "for whom do you take me?"

"That you will answer elsewhere," said the officer. "For the present we apprehend you on a charge of murder on a warrant granted by the Prefect. Descend, if you please, to the boat," and with a movement of the arm of his prisoner, seconded by a similar gentle thrust by the officer on the other side, Leopold was half-forced, half-pushed, into the boat, where with a stout chest he was fastened by the handcuff-link to a bolt-ring, while the officers seated themselves on each side of him.

The surprise of Karlovitz at these summary proceedings was not unmixed with gratification—a load seemed removed from his mind; but what was his satisfaction when in farther conversation with his newly found master he was told that Anthony Goldstein's sudden death had removed what the poor fellow considered a dangerous barrier to the attainment of justice.

And indeed so it proved. The testimony of Karlovitz, and the dying declaration of Anthony Goldstein, were embodied in a précis verbal, and, armed with these papers, and an extradition warrant, Stephen and Karlovitz, with their prisoner in custody of two Austrian police officers, were soon en route for Hungary.

In the court at Hermannstadt the criminal was arraigned. The priest of Zibin and the village inn-keeper identified the prisoner as having arrived at the village within a day or two of the fatal event. They further spoke of his proceeding, after inquiries, to the Hunter's Hut on the night of the murder, and of his never returning to the village. The letter of Anthony Goldstein was then read. Then came the finding and identification of the body by Karlovitz; the post-mortem examination by the priest-doctor; and lastly the circumstantial confession of the prisoner, which, however, were ruled by the judge (after hearing them) not to be admissible as evidence. Having done which, the accused declining to make any defence, he proceeded to sum up and pass sentence.

It is market-day in the village of Zibin, and from early morn the people of the surrounding country have been pouring in, not in twos and threes, each bringing in country cart, on mule, or on their shoulders the produce of their farms, gardens and looms, but in dozens and scores in holiday attire. Not only are the groups made up of labourers and dealers, but young and old, gentle and simple are flocking as to one centre of attraction. There has been little dealing that day, but as the hour of twelve approaches the crowd around the public-roofed well in front of which stands the wooden market-cross becomes dense. There are well-dressed men too, and grave personages in furred gowns within the small court-house. All eyes are strained as the bell tolls, and a haggard wretch, on one hand a priest, on the other a strong man bearing an old-fashioned two-handed sword, comes forth. He is heavily ironed, and with aullen glare looks on the cowering crowd, who shrink back as the procession advances, brought up by the magistrates and dignitaries of the district.

The culprit kneels on a stone slab, on which some straw has been strewn, and his neck is bared by an attendant. The priest's voice is heard in prayer, and then, exhorting the culprit to confession; the latter replies only by an impatient gesture. Again the priest prays, but the victim turns to the executioner and mutters a few words, inaudible to the bystanders.

"He desires to be despatched," says that functionary to an elderly dignitary in furred gown and chain.

The official signals to the priest, and says:

"So let it be."

"Unhappy man," exclaims the priest, "die not unabsolved. Confess, for there is yet time."

"It is too late. Headman, why keep me waiting here?"

"Alas! wretched sinner, 'dost thou not know—?"

"I know as much as thou dost of whither I go, old man," said the kneeling victim. "I believe nothing, and fear nothing."

The priest raised his hands in pious horror, the syndic gave the signal; the stout woodsman raised his bright long blade above his head; then, bringing it down with a sweep such as that with which he was wont to strike his broad axe into the bole of some brave old oak, the head of the miserable Leopold rolled on the sawdust heap that had been strewn to receive it.

Our tale is told. There are, however, some persons in whom we would fain think we may have awakened the reader's interest. Of these we will briefly speak.

The customary period of mourning having expired, the Lord of Temesvar gave a mistress to the Count of Zamora—the attendant of Count Leopold being reversed. A happy family of brave sons and blooming daughters shed life and splendour on the noble name; and among the happy retainers of the restored house none was more esteemed, more valued, than honest Karlovitz, the huntsman, now chief ranger and forester of broad domains.

The Baron and Baroness Braunberg for many years were the ornaments of Parisian and German society. The active charitable deeds of the former, and the unostentatious goodness of the latter, won the prayers and blessings of the poor in every place of their sojourn.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well.
When our deep plots do fall; and this should
teach us

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may.

THE END.

HUNTED FOR HER MONEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

As she cast her glance over the pages of the newspaper in her hands Miss Bermyngham's eyes became suddenly lit up with a gleam of evil satisfaction, which she with difficulty repressed as she remarked:

"I like to look at 'the agony column' and read the personal notices. Don't you, Beatrix? Ah, isn't this odd? Just listen to this notice. Trixy, dear," and the usurper grew soft and purring and caressing, while a treacherous look came in sidelong fashion from her eyes, "does this mean you? 'A liberal reward will be paid to any one giving information of the whereabouts of Miss Beatrix Rohan to her guardians and friends. Miss Rohan is twenty years of age, of medium height, very fair, with golden-brown hair, deep gray eyes, and slender figure. Has plenty of money in her possession and is supposed to be living under an assumed name in lodgings. She is educated, refined and accomplished, sane on all subjects but one; is very plausible and would not be deemed insane by a casual acquaintance. Apply to Mr. James Hillsley, Upper Berkeley Street.'"

A hunted expression came into the eyes of Beatrix.

"You are safe here, Miss Rohan," said Sir Lionel, in a low voice. "You need have no fears."

Lady Follott opened her India newspaper with the intention of turning the subject.

"I always find something interesting in the Calcutta journals," she observed. "I nearly always come upon a familiar name or some curious fact. Now here is a singular advertisement," and she lifted her eyes to glance benevolently upon the little group. "It smacks of the horrible though. Just hear it!"

And with the kindly design of diverting the mind of Beatrix from her own anxieties Lady Follott read the notice of which she had spoken, as follows:

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—The above-named reward will be paid for information leading to the discovery of one Lillias Voe, who is supposed to have killed her husband, and child upon the 19th ult. by poison, and who died upon the same night. Is believed to be still in Calcutta. Said Lillias Voe is twenty-three years of age, is small and delicate, has dark complexion, black hair and black eyes. Is an actress by profession and capable of assuming characters foreign to her own. Apply——"

Lady Follott allowed the newspaper to fall into her lap. Sir Lionel made some remark appropriate to the reading.

No one noticed that the false Miss Bermyngham had averted her face, and that upon its pick-and-

white prettiness was a look of horror unutterable—that in her great, staring black eyes was an expression of cowardly terror—and that one hand was clutched at her red-gold locks as if she would assure herself of their colour!

Did that singular advertisement concern her?

Before the attention of her companions could be called to her strange silence Miss Bermyngham had conquered the frightful terrors which had assailed her and had attained to something of her usual calmness.

It was marvellous what a power of self-control dwelt in that slender frame of hers, what an iron will was hidden beneath that pick-and-white prettiness, those soft, cooing ways, that innocent, childlike seeming.

And yet, conscious that there was something strange and ghastly still about her face, she presently arose and walked to one of the windows with a step that faltered in spite of herself and stood staring out upon the terrace and lawn and moat-bridge with bold, black, desperate eyes.

She heard Lady Follott and Beatrix discussing the advertisement of Colonel Brand, but their words struck upon her hearing as meaningless sounds, she did not listen to them. But after a little the baroness took up her Indian newspaper again, which lay upon her knee, and as her eyes rested again upon the singular advertisement she had read aloud for the purpose of diverting the mind of Beatrix from that other advertisement which Miss Bermyngham had read, she said:

"An odd name that—Lillias Voe! A murderess! And so young too! How could a woman murder her husband and child? She must have been mad! No mother, while in possession of her right mind, would have wilfully destroyed the little life that had sprang from her own, could have stricken out the light from the loving eyes and baby face that had lain upon her breast, could have hushed for ever the sweet, prattling voice that lisped her name! The woman was surely mad!"

A tremor shook the slight form at the window. No one noticed it, nor did they notice how rigid the figure grew after that manifestation of emotion.

"This notice has an unaccountable fascination for me," said Lady Follott, after a short pause. "She was an actress, it says. Did you ever see her, Nere, darling? Did you ever see this actress, Lillias Voe?"

Miss Bermyngham did not turn round. She appeared to be watching intently some object upon the lawn. But she answered, in a strained, hard voice, which had yet in it an artificial lightness:

"I, Aunt Follott? What should I know of actresses? You forget," and her tones became lower and graver, "that I have not attended any place of amusement for a year, not since papa's death. I never heard of the actress you have read about. I don't know anything about actresses."

"Forgive me, Nere, darling," said the baroness. "I must seem very thoughtless. And yet I supposed that you might have seen this actress in former days, or that you might have heard of her. I am not fond of the horrible," she added, with a smile, "so we will dismiss this advertisement, which has come up so oddly and which, as I said, had a very singular fascination for me."

Thus dismissing the subject, Lady Follott turned the newspaper, and plunged into the Indian society news.

Miss Bermyngham continued to stand at the window and to stare out upon the lawn, gardens and park with wide-open eyes, in which was an evil and defiant expression.

What were her thoughts? What had called that haggard and ghastly look to the pretty, childish mouth and eyes? Whatever it was she presently put it from her, and when Lady Follott called to her, telling her some item of Calcutta news, Miss Bermyngham turned from the window and approached the baroness with a soft, sinuous grace and with downcast eyes and a face all smiles and gaiety and sweetness.

"What! Mary Campion married!" she exclaimed. "And to that tall, awkward, red-haired Captain Harrock? That is news, Aunt Follott! And yet she has been engaged to him for years. Is any one else whom I know married or dead?"

A little discussion upon the various items of society gossip followed. The usurper bore her part in it as well as the real Miss Bermyngham could have done. She seemed familiar with every name mentioned; she told little stories and anecdotes about family friends, and was laughing and light-hearted, and never for one instant at a loss for an appropriate remark or allusion.

After a time the usurper sauntered to the piano and executed some brilliant opera music.

Beatrix was called upon for a song and accompaniment, and the evening wore away. The tea-tray

was brought up at half-past nine, and at eleven o'clock the party separated for the night.

Miss Bermyngham entered her boudoir, locked the door, and passed on into the adjoining dressing-room.

Wax candles burned softly upon the low marble mantelpiece and dressing-table. A fire glowed redly in the grate. A big chair, upholstered in pale blue, was drawn up on the hearth-rug, and upon the chair was thrown a furred, white dressing-gown. Jewels filled with sparkling gems littered the tables. The French maid, Finette, was engaged in polishing a magnificent diamond necklace that lay across her hands and upon her knees like a river of light. She arose at the entrance of her young mistress, and dropped the ornament into a brass-bound casket before her which contained the remainder of the parure.

"What are you doing, Finette?" demanded Miss Bermyngham, a little sharply as she crossed the floor and halted before the fire.

"I was only polishing the necklace, mademoiselle," said Finette. "Ma foi! Such diamonds! They are fit for a queen, my lady. I never saw such gems before!"

"They are all very rare and fine. My papa selected them with the greatest care. He was twenty years in collecting the jewels in that set. They are all East Indian gems."

"They are like stars, my lady," said Finette, with enthusiasm. "You should marry, mademoiselle—pardon—and be presented at court, and wear these diamonds at your presentation. Even your queen of England, with her Koh-i-noor and crown jewels would turn to stare at mademoiselle."

"I shall be presented by-and-by, perhaps before my marriage. My aunt, Lady Follott, desires me to wait until my marriage, however, and I may choose to wait."

"Mademoiselle will make a great sensation at court," said the maid, who had long since learned that her young mistress was accessible to flattery. "Mademoiselle would make a lovely bride; she will look like a fairy. The housekeeper was saying this evening at tea that Sir Lionel Charlton was Miss Clare's lover. I made bold to contradict her. Miss Clare is very beautiful, but wise would look at Miss Clare when my lady is near?"

"So that is the servants' gossip, is it? Some ladies, Finette, would scorn to listen to the talk of the servants' hall, but I like to know what is said below as well as above stairs. And so the housekeeper thinks Sir Lionel Charlton in love with Miss Clare?"

"Yes, my lady. And the housekeeper told me, my lady, that if you should die unmarried, before attaining your majority, that Sir Lionel Charlton would inherit all your wealth. She said that Mr. Bermyngham had made a will to that effect. Surely that is not true, my lady?"

"What does it matter whether it be true or false? You may undress me, Finette."

The Frenchwoman silently obeyed the bidding of her mistress. The silk robe was removed and the furred, white dressing-gown, all warmth and perfume, donned in its stead. And then Miss Bermyngham sat down in a low chair before the dressing-table and Finette brushed out her silken lengths of yellow hair.

"Mademoiselle has superb hair," said the Frenchwoman, at last. "Superb! So rich, so thick, so golden! I have seen hair like this but few times, my lady. It is not often that this shade comes natural."

"What do you mean by that?" asked her mistress, looking into the mirror with sleepy, half-shut eyes that yet watched the dark and sallow face of her attendant with the keen scrutiny of a lynx. "How does this yellow shade come, if not naturally?"

She drew a long tress over her own fingers and examined it carefully. It was soft, lustrous, and evenly tinted, and redolent of perfume.

"Why," said Finette, "in these days they have bleaching liquids and golden dyes and what not. Actresses know all about them—"

Miss Bermyngham started.

"Dear me, you pulled my hair, Finette," she said, petulantly.

"Pardon, mademoiselle. I will be more careful. Has mademoiselle never heard of the Liquid Gold, the Aura, the—"

"Never! What are they?"

"Why, dyes to change dark hair into golden, my lady. Of course, mademoiselle, who is a blonde, would not have need to change the colour of her hair; of course, mademoiselle's hair is the real golden by nature, but there are many less fortunate, and they, desiring blonde hair, resort to dyes."

The Frenchwoman plied her long-bristled, ivory-backed brush with gentle assiduity. Her mistress continued to look into the mirror, on either side of which clusters of wax-lights burned softly, and her

gaze dwelt furtively upon the face of her attendant.

Suddenly the maid's face lighted up. She uttered an exclamation, and paused with the brush uplifted.

"What is it, Finette?" demanded the girl.

"Nothing, mademoiselle; only I fancied that the roots of your hair were dark. They look black."

"Nonsense, Finette!" exclaimed her mistress, quite sharply. "What an idea! It is the shadow falling on my head. Take a candle and look. You are so near-sighted—you told me so yourself when I engaged you—that you would fancy anything. The roots of my hair black? I could fancy you had been drinking. A repetition of such vagary upon your part, Finette, will lose you your present comfortable quarters and the very handsome salary I am giving you."

Her mistress's coolness and haughtiness quite quenched Finette.

She murmured an apology, declaring that she had spoken thoughtlessly, and that she could now see distinctly that what she had taken to be the colouring of the roots of her lady's hair was merely a shadow flung from the girandole.

"See that you don't make such another mistake," said her mistress, quietly. "It may result in something more than the loss of your place."

The Frenchwoman's sallow cheeks flushed a vivid red. The threat of the young lady was evidently full of meaning to her—a meaning intensely disagreeable.

"Bien, mademoiselle," she said. "I will remember."

The ceremony of brushing the young lady's hair was completed in silence.

"Twelve o'clock!" said the mistress, with a glance towards the mantelpiece. "You may leave me, Finette. I want to write a letter or two, and I'll do it this evening while I am in the mood. I had a letter from my dear old nurse in India to-night, and somehow I can't wait till morning to answer it. Lay out my night-dress, Finette, and go."

The maid finished her duties and departed. When she had gone her mistress secured her doors and re-entered her dressing-room.

"I wonder if my hair does really look black at the roots?" she said to herself, pulling out one long golden hair and examining it critically. "Nonsense! It was the shadow falling upon it. I have been careful to excess. Yet, nevertheless, I will be still more guarded. I will arrange my hair every day instead of every third day. 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' I find it easy to attend to my own hair when Finette retires at night, and she certainly does not suspect—she cannot suspect—that the colour of my hair is not natural."

She slipped on a dressing-jacket over her white gown, and, producing a couple of keys which she wore upon a golden chain about her neck under her dress, she unlocked one of her trunks and brought to the light a massive brass-bound casket, the size of which was a little more than a foot square.

The second key upon her chain opened this casket, which was filled with bottles and boxes and gallipots of cosmetics for the skin, and liquid applications for the hair.

Miss Bermyngham was an artist in the peculiar line now indicated. She applied a golden-tinted fluid to her hair with a tiny sponge, exhibiting a boundless patience and attention to minute points, and half an hour's steady work satisfied her.

"That will do!" she thought, contentedly. "I defy anybody to discover any flaw or 'shadow' now about my hair. In the morning I will touch up my complexion as usual. I suppose Finette would give her right hand to possess the secret of this casket, if she only suspected its existence. But if she were to discover this, and a thousandfold more also, she would never dare to betray me!—thanks to my astuteness in securing a maid with a bad previous history. She knows that I know that she robbed her former mistress in Paris, and she knows I know that the French police have offered a reward for her, and she knows that at the first sign of her treachery to me I would betray her to justice! She fears me, child as she thinks me. That is well!"

With a smile on her scarlet mouth the girl stowed her precious casket away securely in its place of concealment, and locked the trunk, placing the keys in her bosom.

Finette had pushed a small table before the fire, placing upon it her mistress's exquisite little ebony desk—the desk which had belonged to the real Miss Bermyngham. The girl now took possession of the easy-chair, unlocked the desk, and took out certain letters and diaries, which had been written by the India heiress.

"My handwriting is very like hers," she thought, studying the penmanship attentively—"the same angular English hand, thanks to the masters who

teach it. I suppose there is scarcely any variation in the penmanship of ninety-nine women out of every hundred. Some of her letters are a trifle peculiar. I must copy them over and over until I make them in that way will be as second nature to me. Old Norton's letter must be answered, I suppose; and the sooner the better, since I have not written to her at all. I will relieve her mind about the girl Agatha Walden—I'll tell her that the girl is dead."

She practised the handwriting of the true Miss Bermyngham for a full hour, and then, wearying of her task, deferred her letter to Mrs. Norton until the succeeding evening.

But there was one task she would not defer.

She was full of hatred of Beatrix. The pure and exquisite beauty of the fugitive heiress aroused her bitterest envy. She had overheard Sir Lionel Charlton's avowal of love for Beatrix, when in conversation with Lady Follitt, and this avowal had quickened her dormant capabilities of evil into activity. She was resolved to betray Beatrix at once to her enemies.

In the bottom of her writing-desk she found some coarse writing-paper and envelopes, both of a yellowish colour. She destroyed all of this except enough for one letter. This one letter—the message of betrayal—she set herself to concoct with all the ability she possessed.

She wrote with her left hand in an awkward style, and took care to spell her words incorrectly, borrowing an idea from the missive of good Mrs. Norton. Her letter, when finished, read as follows:

"FOLLITT FENS, LINCOLNSHIRE,
May 19th, 1873.

"MISTER COLONEL BRAND,—I am in the habit of taken in the Times at a penny on the second day, which is common in these parts, and I see your advertisement about a young lady which name is Beatrix Rohan. I make bold to answer and claim the reward. Sir Lionel Charlton is visiting his aunt, Lady Follitt, of Follitt Court, near this village. He brot with him a young lady he cald Miss Clare, but one of the servants at the Court bein my cuzzin, toled me that the young lady's furst name is Beatrix, and her frens has ben crocel to her and she is a hidin from them. I think this Miss Be-trix Clare is your Miss Beatrix Rohan. So no more at present from yours truly,

ANN CLARK."

This delectable composition was regarded by its author with admiration. She sealed, stamped and addressed the envelope and placed it in the pocket of her morning-robe, which lay upon a chair ready for use.

"I must deposit it in the post-office myself," she thought. "I cannot put it in the post-bag. I cannot trust Finette to post it. Fortunately the Follitt Fens post-office is also a fancy-goods shop. I'll go in the morning and buy some Berlin wools and drop in my letter. I have done a good evening's work. I flatter myself that Miss Beatrix Rohan is disposed of. When she is removed from my path I fancy I shan't have much difficulty in winning Sir Lionel Charlton. All I want is a clear field!"

She arose yawning and slowly disrobed. Fifteen minutes later her lights were extinguished, with the exception of her usual night-lamp, and she had fallen asleep, her red-gold hair streaming over her pillow, her pretty pink-and-white face looking almost like a mask in the dimness, save for the smile of exultation that yet lingered about her lips.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HER treacherous letter written, Miss Bermyngham now devoted all her energies to the task of posting it secretly.

Upon the morning following its concoction she arose early and spent an hour at her toilet, calling into requisition the resources of her hidden brass-bound casket and making up her pink-and-white complexion before she summoned Finette to her assistance. She felt that she could defy her maid's keenest scrutiny in regard to her hair, and was unusually gracious, condescending and pleasant.

She descended to the breakfast-room at the usual hour. Sir Lionel Charlton was standing before the fire and greeted her with the usual salutations. Beatrix and Lady Follitt soon appeared, as did the morning post-bag.

After breakfast the baroness excused herself upon the plea of having letters to write and retired to her own apartments.

"We will have our usual walk in the park, will we not?" asked Sir Lionel, looking from one to the other of the two girls.

Beatrix glanced at Miss Bermyngham and smiled assent. The latter appeared to reflect and cried out, in her impulsive fashion:

"Oh, I'm so sorry! But I can't go. It is too bad, isn't it now, Trixy? But, you see, I must match those Berlin wools in my chair-cover, and I want some narrow lace, and a hundred other trifles, and I

must go over to Follitt Fens for them. I'll drive over in Aunt Follitt's dear little pony-phæton, and I won't ask you to go with me, Trixy. I'll make all the haste possible, and perhaps I'll join you in the park."

She rang the bell and ordered the vehicle she had mentioned. Then, with a laughing adieu, she hurried away and disappeared up the stairs.

Beatrix and Sir Lionel procured their hats and went into the garden.

They had vanished into the soft shadows of the park when, nearly an hour later, Miss Bermyngham, in an exquisite morning costume of blue cashmere and silk, and with a blue hat on her head, and long white, embroidered gauntlets on her hands, came down the stair and out into the carriage porch.

Lady Follitt's phaeton was in waiting. A pair of beautiful shaggy-maned ponies were attached to it, and in the high single seat behind was seated an elderly groom, in livery, with folded arms.

The girl was assisted into the broad, luxurious seat in front, took up her reins, and drove rapidly down the avenue, across the moat-bridge, and out at the open gates into the high road.

Her face never flushed nor paled; it was impossible for her emotions to betray themselves through the paint so artistically laid upon the countenance, but this morning her secret delight and exultation showed themselves in the glittering light that shot from her black, bold eyes, wide open, now that there was no one to look into them, and in the strange, evil smile that flickered about her lips.

She drove up the principal street of Follitt Fens, and halted abruptly before the fancy-goods shop in which was also the post-office. The groom assisted her to descend, and remained standing at the heads of the horses.

With her dress rustling behind her as she walked, and with her treacherous letter safely hidden in her pocket, the girl swept into the little shop.

Upon one side, behind a long counter, were fancy goods in variety; upon the other was the post-office department, with rows of numbered and lettered boxes, with a little door for the delivery of letters, and under it a small slit in the wall for the reception of letters.

Miss Bermyngham gave one glance towards the post-office and then advanced to the fancy-goods counter, behind which an elderly lady was seated upon a high stool engaged in fancy crochet work.

"Can you match these wools?" inquired the heiress, laying down a little parcel. "They are all new colours, and I want them exactly matched."

The shopwoman engaged in the task with that enthusiasm so often displayed by people in her line of business. The girl made some pretence of assisting her, but, tiring of the task, walked to the door, peeped into the post-office boxes curiously, looked in at the delivery door and managed to slip in her letter unseen.

Then, all smiles and good humour, she returned to the assistance of the shopwoman, and presently completed her purchases. The parcel was carried out for her, and she was soon on her way back to Follitt Court.

"That was well managed," she said to herself. "No one saw me drop in the letter. No one will suspect my agency in the matter. The only thing that will strike this Colonel Brand as mysterious will be the fact that his mysterious correspondent does not come forward, confess her identity, and claim her reward. It is quite possible that her failure to come forward may show that the girl's betrayal is not an affair of greed. But no one can suspect me. They dare not suspect me."

And with her mind quite at rest she re-entered the mansion of Follitt Court and returned to her own rooms.

She was unusually affectionate toward Beatrix throughout that day and the day that followed. She lavished pet names upon the young fugitive heiress; she visited her in Beatrix's rooms, and besought Beatrix to return the visit; she was soft, sweet, and caressing, kissing—Judas-like—even while she betrayed.

Now Beatrix, it must be confessed, did not greatly like the pretty supposed niece of her hostess. Beatrix's nature was essentially frank, truthful, noble, and some subtle instinct warned her that Miss Bermyngham was secret, artful, and an adept in dissimulation. She blamed herself for her opinion of her; she tried to like her; but still her distrust of the girl grew upon her every day and hour. She was too generous to impart this opinion to another, and endeavoured to return the overtures of the usurper with warmth and interest.

Towards evening of the second day Miss Bermyngham grew restless and uneasy. She went up late to dress for dinner and returned to the drawing-room in a very brief space of time. She wandered fre-

quently to the windows, watching the drive, and seemed abstracted and ill at ease.

But, contrary to her expectations, Colonel Brand did not make his appearance at Folliot Court that evening.

During the next day the usurper was very gay and very affectionate in her manner to Beatriz, who reproached herself for her distrust of Lady Folliot's supposed niece and endeavoured to atone for it by an answering warmth of manner.

They rode together in the morning, attended by Sir Lionel Charlton. After luncheon they walked in the park, received calls, and practised music. Then Beatriz strolled into the conservatory, and soon after Sir Lionel followed her, leaving Lady Folliot and her supposed niece together in the drawing-room.

"Beatriz is gone to gather flowers for her hair and corsage," remarked the baroness. "Go after her, Nerea, dear, and gather some for yourself. There are some delicious fragrant violets just in bloom, I see."

"I don't care for flowers to-day, Aunt Folliot," said Miss Bermyngham, with a sidelong glance at the clock and another at the window—"at least for natural flowers—little, wily things, not fit to be compared to French-made flowers! I like artificial flowers best of all, except for bouquets."

Lady Folliot looked surprised, but she made no reply. It would have been hard to tell whether the girl were serious or not.

"I suppose that Beatriz and Sir Lionel would not care to have me follow them into the conservatory," said Miss Bermyngham, after a pause, betraying a decided jealousy and dissatisfaction.

"Nerea, darling—"

"Why do you speak so reproachfully, Aunt Folliot? Have I not told the truth? Can you not see, as I see, that Sir Lionel loves Beatriz?" cried Miss Bermyngham, her voice quivering. "And—and—after all that has been said—after your hopes and plans—after your endeavours to interest me in Sir Lionel—I feel—I feel—as if I had not been well treated!"

She put her lace-trimmed handkerchief to her eyes and gave a seemingly heart-broken little sob.

Lady Folliot was distressed.

She gathered the girl to her breast and exclaimed: "My poor little niece! My poor Nerea! I am sure that I have done very wrong in planning and talking as I have done! I shall never forgive myself if my folly has wrecked your happiness. I am sure that Lion has only a passing fancy for Beatriz. It must be so. I wish—I wish she had never come here!"

"Then you don't like her, Aunt Folliot?"

"Yes, dear; in spite of my devotion to your interests, in spite of the fact that she interferes with the one darling scheme of my heart, in spite of the fact that she is the rival of my own niece, I can't help loving her! She is noble, lovely, winning, and beautiful. I admire and love her, yet I wish Lion had never brought her here."

"If she would only go away I know that his heart would turn to me," whispered the girl, with pretended shyness. "He is so obsequious, you know, Aunt Folliot, and her distress appeals to him, and he likes to protect a girl so beautiful and friendly; but if she were gone I know that I could win him!"

She spoke in a tone of quiet assurance that impressed Lady Folliot.

"My dear child," she said, "we must not make speculations upon what might happen if Beatriz were gone from the Court. She is to remain here a year. I love her, and you also love her. Let us try to make her life happy, and, as for our own lives, perhaps all will come out right yet. We must hope for the best."

The girl uttered assent, and disengaged herself from Lady Folliot's embrace.

A minute or two later she stole quietly out of the drawing-room. Instead of going upstairs to dress she crossed the great hall and went into the dim library. Here she ensconced herself in a recessed window, and set herself to watch the avenue with feverish impatience.

"Colonel Brand must be here to-night," she said to herself. "I dare not stay with Aunt Folliot longer, lest he be ushered in, and I betray my satisfaction at his arrival. He will surely be here directly. We shall see if Miss Beatriz Rohan remains here a year! We shall see what effect her departure will have upon Sir Lionel Charlton. She will soon be removed from my path for ever!"

While she thus waited, impatient and anxious, Beatriz returned to the drawing-room, a basket of flowers in her hand.

She was dressed in an iron-gray cashmere walking suit, and wore a knot of blue ribbons at her throat. Her dusky-gray eyes were shining with a happy light. Her tawny hair, burnished like gold, was

crimped and wrinkled and waved in picturesque fashion above her low, broad forehead. She sat down in an easy-chair to arrange her flowers.

"Where is Lionel?" asked Lady Folliot, abruptly. "He has gone into the park in search of wood-violets," answered Beatriz. "He knows a spot where they grow thickly."

The baroness studied the girl's rare and exquisite beauty with a growing tenderness for her. She knew that Beatriz was the soul of honour. She believed that Beatriz, even if she loved Sir Lionel with all her soul, would refuse to marry him if she, Lady Folliot, were to express disapprobation of the alliance. She had dropped a hint, upon the night of Beatriz's arrival, of her hopes for the future of the young baronet. She made a sudden resolve now to set the matter before her guest in a still clearer light.

Beatriz, looking up, marked the agitated expression upon the face of her hostess.

"Are you ill, Lady Folliot?" she asked, quickly. "You looked troubled."

"I am troubled, my dear, said the baroness, frankly. "I am greatly troubled."

Beatriz looked her sympathy, but remained silent. Lady Folliot glanced toward the door of the conservatory.

There was time enough to unburden her mind to Beatriz before Sir Lionel could return. Why should she not make a covert appeal to the generosity of Beatriz, and so secure the happiness of her niece and the success of her own schemes?

"I am troubled about Nerea," she said, after a brief pause. "My dear, I am afraid I have made a mistake which will prove fatal to her happiness—and to mine! She is a dear little trusting creature, made to be petted and loved. She is not strong and resolute like you, Beatriz. I have been very unwise, I fear."

"How so, dear Lady Folliot?" asked Beatriz, gently, seeing that the baroness expected her to speak.

"My dear, I am reposing a great confidence in you, but I must answer your question. I trust my secret—and Nerea's—to your honour. It has been for years my hope to see Lionel and Nerea husband and wife. I have explained this to both of them. I have told both of them that in the event of their marriage my property should go to them at my death. If either of them declines the alliance, the one who declines shall not have one penny of my property. Lionel is poor—his estates being heavily encumbered. I know that he is interested in Nerea—that she could win his love!"

"You think so?" said Beatriz, in a low tone, drooping her face over her flowers.

"I am sure of it. And now I must tell you why I am troubled. I have praised Lionel to Nerea so much, have told her so often of my hopes, that she—she is interested in him! If he should marry another," said Lady Folliot, and her face grew more than ever anxious, "I am convinced that Nerea would die!"

Beatriz was silent.

"I know that Lionel esteems you very highly, Beatriz," said the baroness, after a short silence. "The object of my communication to you is this: You will hold my confidence sacred, I know, and I ask you as a favour to use your influence with Lionel in a way to favour the interests of my poor niece. If the opportunity should ever arise, I beg you to advise him in such a manner that he will accede to my wishes and marry my poor Nerea, who loves him!"

Beatriz understood. Lady Folliot was not skilled in dissimulation. She could not hide her real meaning, even under indirect modes of expression.

It was some minutes before Beatriz could answer. She did not look up then when she said:

"I shall hold your confidence sacred, Lady Folliot. If—if occasion ever arise when I can comply with your request, I will do so!"

The baroness bent over the child and kissed her. "Heaven bless you, my dear child!" she said, with deep feeling. "I love you only next to Lion and Nerea. You have made me very happy, Beatriz. Sometimes I fear that Nerea would die of a great disappointment: she is too tender and clinging and delicate. I trust you, Beatriz."

The girl's heart swelled with a great and terrible pain.

She longed to be alone, if but for a moment. She feared lest she should lose her self-command under the very next address of Lady Folliot.

"I—I must get more flowers," she faltered, and sprang up, hastening to the conservatory.

Both the baroness and Beatriz had been too much absorbed in their conversation to heed the sound of wheels on the moat-bridge and the carriage-drive. Neither of them were conscious of the sounds of an arrival. But Beatriz had barely entered the con-

servatory, halting just within its wide portal, when the drawing-room door was opened and a servant ushered in a visitor, announcing, in a loud voice:

"Colonel Brand!"

(To be continued.)

THE REASON WHY.

PEOPLE have a habit of saying to me "How did it happen that you never found a wife, Darling?" I take it as an impertinence, and, consequently, just what you might expect from your friends. Putting the question in this particular form is the same as averring that any possible hope of my ever acquiring that doubtful blessing ceased to be a possibility long ago. Is a man Methuselah because he has passed his—well, never mind what birthday—because he isn't twenty-five any longer, I should be pleased to know?

Most persons' ideas are ridiculous on all subjects, but, in regard to age, they are usually more ridiculous than where any other matter is concerned. Because they happen to have seen a man about in the world for an indefinite length of time they appear to take it for granted he must have been in the ark with Noah. Actually, the other day, I heard a baby-faced animal, with a mousetake like a girl's eyebrow, say to his neighbour "That's old Darling. Wonderful how he wears, isn't it?"

I just shot him a glance of scorn that would have withered his marrow if he had had any; but the boys of the present generation are horribly obtuse. For my own part I entirely agree with Miss Windstone. "In general, I don't like boys." I think I might go farther and say, I detest them.

Married indeed! When a fellow has been twice as near being married as I have been—once when he wanted to, and once when he didn't—he has had enough of such performances to satisfy him for the rest of his natural life.

Actually, I was only five-and-twenty! It's a beautiful thing to be five-and-twenty—you're foolish then, but you don't know it. At five-and—oh, well, any age you please, up to threescore-and-ten—you are foolish just the same, but the aggravating part of the business is you do know it. Five-and-twenty. And to think you have to live for ever and ever, and during the whole round can never be five-and-twenty again! Upon my word, I believe I am near bursting into poetry, but you needn't take any notice.

Where was I?
Ringing at the door, I think. No, I remember now, I couldn't have got to her house yet, for I've not told you where we first met, though how I did ring, to be sure, the time I went to the house, though I haven't got to that place yet; but I vow I can hear the bell tinkle to this hour, and it sends a creeper down my back that makes me feel as if my spinal marrow moved up and down like quicksilver in a thermometer.

Where we did meet was at a pretty summer resort. She was dancing with Watchet when I first set eyes on her, and something went all over me like an electric shock; and I understood then why I had always felt a prejudice against him. It had been what you call a premonition, and at that moment I hated him ferociously.

Annabella Drinker was her name; but I said to myself that if ever a girl was meant to have Darling for a surname it was she—which was a kind of play upon words, you see, which came to me as I looked at her and showed, what I have always believed, that I'm a fellow to keep my wits about me, no matter how much bewildered I may be.

Well, sir, when the music stopped, I saw him take her to a seat by old Mrs. Dutcher; and I knew Mrs. Dutcher perfectly well, and remembered now that I had always been as fond of her as if she had been an aunt of my own with money to leave to any relation she chose. I must speak to Mrs. Dutcher at once. I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. I felt as if I wanted to embrace Mrs. Dutcher, and ask her for her blessing. I set off toward her, and do you know the room turned round somehow, and actually, when I thought I was close to her, I had fallen into old Baldwin's clutches, quite at the other extremity of the apartment; and old Baldwin buttonholed me on the spot, and told me one of his longest stories; and I tried to be polite, and was so anxious to laugh in the right place that I kept grinning all the while like a Cheshire cat, and never found out till he called me an unnatural young dog that he had been telling about his wife's breaking her arm, and she a third cousin of my mother's, from whom I had expectations, though they never came to anything, for she and Baldwin never got over my reception of the news of her accident. I hate your unforgiving people myself.

Well, I got away from him at last, and made for Mrs. Dutcher again.

The music had struck up, and there were three sets of quadrilles being danced; and I declare I

I didn't spoil every set in getting the length of the room! I never could tell how it happened; but I did it, and I assure you I never felt more unpleasant in the whole course of my life.

I had only reached the place that evening, and there were a good many people in the room that I didn't know; and it was a deuced uncomfortable kind of début to make. But I was too desperate to care. Somehow, it seemed to me that if I couldn't get where she was, and hold her fast, Watchet would marry her before my very eyes, and me without breath enough left even to forbid the bans!

I got hold of Mrs. Dutcher at last.

"Oh, Mrs. Dutcher, how do you do?" said I. "I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. I came down on purpose to see you. I hope you're well. I hope all your family are well. I hope even to your most distant relations that—"

"Here," said she, before I could tell what I hoped, and I knew no more than the man in the moon, "sit down before you do somebody a mischief, and tell me what's the matter. I haven't a relation in the world, and you know it, unless it's Tim, my gray cat. Surely you must be on the verge of brain fever, though when you ever got the capital to go into such a business is more than I know."

"It isn't that," I whispered, as she pulled me down beside her—at least I thought I whispered, but she told me afterwards I bellowed like a buffalo, and it was a mercy that the music was trumpet-tongued.

"Then what is it?" said she. "Tell me this minute, or I'll box your ears!"

"I'm in love!" said I. "Introduce me. Don't wait, else the room will swim round again, and I shall lose you."

"Who? Where? What?"

"Right by you—quick!" said I, as blind as a bat.

"Miss Mickle," says the old woman, "here's that goose, Darling, wants to dance with you, and is afraid to ask."

And sure enough, when I could see, there was the skinniest old maid you ever set eyes on beside her; and she was walking up and down the room with Watchet. The opportunity was not to be lost. She took possession of me, and I had to dance twice with her before I got loose; and, if you'll believe it, she had heard what I said to Mrs. Dutcher, and thought I was in love with her; and, as I never spoke to her after that evening, talked of suing me for breach of promise, and bringing Mrs. Dutcher up as witness in her favour.

If you'll believe it, what with one misfortune and another, the evening was almost over before I got an introduction to my adored one, my peerless Annabella; and when I did I was dumber than a kingfisher. And it was the oddest thing the more I wanted to stay by her the more my legs tried to carry me away, just as if they had been somebody else's legs—say Watchet's, for instance—and wished to serve me an ill turn.

Well, sir, I was up early the next morning, for I didn't go to bed at all; and I found I had written the beginning of sixteen different sonnets, though I never wrote any verses before or since.

So, being up, I went out for an early stroll, and climbed the hill. Looking down on the other side, I saw a lady in white picking wild roses, and it was Annabella; and I went down the hill so fast that I nearly landed on my head, and do you know the first words she said to me were:

"What a very eccentric person you are, Mr. Darling," and burst out laughing. And I laughed too, like a maniac.

After that I managed a little better, and got to be more like my natural self, though I know I jumped every time she spoke, and felt as if I was on fire inside, and blistered without; and no wonder, for I sat down on an ant-hill. But, oh! it was a blissful morning all the same. I remember, among other things, her saying she felt sure I was a poet, and hoped I was poor, and had to live in a garret. And she seemed quite disappointed when she found I had plenty of money and a yacht (which always made me sea-sick when I went out in her), while that Watchet lived on a salary in spite of his airs and graces, and passed his life in mortal terror of his bootmaker.

But it came out that she had no opinion whatever of him, and considered him a presuming, conceited fellow; only I was to vow solemnly never to tell it; and I swore myself black in the face without stopping to breathe.

"So that makes a little secret between us," said she, with a heavenly smile; "just ours, and nobody else's, does it not?"

Actually, I thought I should give up the ghost on the spot from sheer happiness; the tingle that went all over me from head to foot was quite distinct from the pricking of those blessed ants, and every bit as strong.

I felt good-natured enough to have hugged the whole world. Watchet included, and I began to

think I had been harder on the fellow than was necessary. It seemed enough for him to bear; that having her think him presuming. So I said what I could in his favour, and she gave me another smile. I wonder I didn't melt! She looked at me shyly, and added:

"Generous man!"

Oh, well, I shall never get through if I go into particulars in this fashion, for I could repeat every word she ever said to me, and tell you the exact effect of every smile she ever gave to me; but because I'm in the mood to talk a little in no reason why I should turn myself completely inside out like a pea-jacket hung up to dry.

I walked back to the hotel with her, and once, where the path was bad, she took my arm. Oh, heavens!—but, it's no matter; and Watchet was standing on the verandah as we reached the house; and he turned a lively green, and she scarcely spoke to him. And when I tried to be amiable to the fellow, after she had gone in, he showed as sulky as a grizzly bear, and neither of us ate any breakfast—he because he was in his tantrums, and I because the idea of food was shocking after feeding on her delicious words and smiles.

Well, sir, ten days went by, and Watchet disappeared in a huff; and Annabella said she was glad he had gone. And I never saw her so gay. She looked awfully pretty too, though I remember her eyes were red; she said she had hurt them by stupidly reading too late the night before.

I don't know how I did it, but before the day was out I got courage to tell her I loved her; though I don't know either that courage had much to do with it, for I spoke before I knew what I was saying and nearly fainted away when I found what I had done. But it was all right—I shan't tell you any more—and I the happiest fellow that ever the sun shone on. We were engaged, downright, and I sent off to town, that day, for a sapphire ring, set round with diamonds—and a handsome thing it proved; though the sapphire wasn't half so blue as her eyes, or the diamonds half so bright. Our engagement was not to be talked about. Nobody but Mrs. Dutcher knew, for Annabella said it must be kept a secret till she went back to town, and told her aunt herself. Her aunt was the dearest old woman in the world, only she had nerves, and anything in the way of exciting news must always be very carefully broken to her.

"For it's a whim of hers that I mustn't marry," said Annabella. "We're so fond of one another that she's always jealous of any gentleman who pays me attention. But, you see, I—I have never cared before, and this time I must have my own way."

Then such a smile; then she turned red, and then white, and I thought she was going to faint, and was frightened half out of my senses. But she said it was nothing; she was only afraid that what she had said sounded bold.

Well, I enjoyed three weeks of that bliss, and then Annabella had to go home. She got a letter one morning from that aunt of hers. She wanted her for some special business, "something connected with my poor little fortune," Annabella said, and Mrs. Dutcher went with her.

I was not allowed to go. Annabella declared that it would make people talk. I was not even to follow her till three days were over—three whole days. I kept my word, though how I ever managed to do it is more than I know. I wonder I wasn't a skeleton when the time was up, for I neither ate nor slept. I should have been ashamed to do either, for didn't Annabella say that she should count the hours till we met again? and by the same token I gave her a lovely little watch, all covered with jewels, to count them on.

But I waited; Annabella said she must have ample time to break the news gently to her aunt. I had begun to hate that party, though I felt wicked in so doing, for Annabella said she was the dearest woman alive, only her nerves were troublesome. On account of these same nerves I had to wait three days, because Annabella could not venture to tell her the day she got home.

She would require the second to reveal the secret, and the third to soothe her aunt. By that time the old lady would be prepared to receive me with joy and gladness; for she never could refuse Annabella anything. I should think not indeed!

I thought the term of probation would never end, but it did. Sir, my foot was on my native heath, at last. I was that bewildered and upset that I don't think I could have told my own name if I had died for it.

I had come up in the night and got into town along with the milk-carts and the other green vegetables. Upon my word, even at this distance of time, I get things mixed in trying to tell the story.

Of course, I did not go to bed. I decided that I might appear at my Annabella's house at eleven o'clock, and, sir, do you know that, though it was only five when I got into my room, I had not a

second too much time. I was going to my Annabella. I was rather behind time from finding, after I got downstairs, that I had no pocket-handkerchief, and I had to make three journeys back before I got what I wanted. The first time I took a towel, the second a sponge; and by then I'd forgotten what it was I needed, and began to pull off my boots, just from sheer crazy-headedness.

But I did get under way at last. First, I got into a carriage, but it seemed to go so slowly that out I jumped, and found, afterward, that I had paid the man a sovereign, and when I discovered that I understood what he meant by a remark which puzzled me at the time. He looked at it and he looked at me.

"It's all right," said I.

"It is," said he, "and you're the first gentleman I've seen to-day, and away he drove."

Well, the street I wanted was up west, and I might be expected to know the street I had been born in and brought up near to, but the street behaved as badly as my pocket-handkerchief had done. Sir, I found myself at the east end, and I rang at seven different door-bells, and finally plunged, head foremost, into a girls' school, and narrowly escaped being arrested by a brute of a policeman, who said he had been watching me for some time to make up his mind whether it was a lunatic asylum or the police court he ought to take me to. But he might have been worse than he was. Something that I put into his hand seemed to soften him, and when I told him I was going to see my Annabella he understood, and shook hands with me cordially, and said, "he wasn't above it if he was a policeman, for I was worthy to have been born in Ireland; and if ever I wanted to run for Mayor, I'd only to let him know—his name was Patrick Phaylin—and he'd see me through or eat the greaser."

But we have never met since, as up to this time I have felt no inclination to hold the office he mentioned.

Well, sir, I set off on a run, and lost my hat; but eight boys helped me chase it, and each one wanted sixpence, which I gave 'em; and after that nothing is very clear to me for some time. I felt as if I had been lost in my childhood, and had been ever since trying to find myself, and had a dreadful impression all the while that I was not the person I wanted, but had been changed in my cradle, or something, and hadn't even a strawberry-mark on the arm to tell myself by.

When I came at all to my senses then I was on the doorstep of number 11. How I got there I don't know; but that was the number of her house. I had reached her at last. My Annabella, my Annabella! But still I couldn't have sworn if it was I or another.

Somebody rang the bell. It didn't seem to be me; and such an unearthly peal I never heard. Why, the bell was fitter for a fire-tower than a dwelling-house.

A maid-servant opened the door. I remember thinking her a frightened, stupid sort of creature; and at first she didn't want to let me in, but I pushed by her and tried to mention my name. Sir, I had forgotten it, and I had forgotten what my darling's last name was too! All I could get out was "Tell Miss Annabella it's James."

Into the front parlour I rushed—the windows were open. It looked bright and cheerful, and I began to grow calmer—sort of cold and faint, you know, with bliss.

Suddenly the folding doors at the back end of the room were opened. I heard a voice, such an awful voice:

"Tell Miss Annabella, it's James indeed! I'll James him! The insolence of the fellow!"

And there stood a dreadful old woman with a moustache, and two eye-teeth that wouldn't have been shut into her mouth on any terms, and she had on a cap and a mad-looking bonnet perched atop of that, and a blue flannel dressing-gown, and she walked with a cane. Straight toward me she marched and pounded her stick on the floor as if she had been an old witch trying to raise a demon.

"Hullo!" said she, and her eyes went through me like two needles.

Mersey on us! Was this the Aunt Amelia my Annabella had said was so sweet and lovable! I recollect registering a vow she should never fire with us.

"G—good morning," said I, and I tried to smile, for I felt that I must propitiate the old scarecrow.

"Pooh! Nonsense!" snapped she. "Nothing of the sort! Who are you, young man?"

Sir, I tried again to tell my name, and all I got out was, "I'm—I'm James. Annabella knows."

"She doesn't!" said that dreadful old lady. "She shan't! I forbid her! James indeed! Poodle, you mean! Go along with you; aren't you ashamed of yourself, sir? Never heard of such conduct in my life."

"H—hasn't Annabella told you?" I faltered.

"She's a minx!" croaked the old woman. "And

you're a minx; and so there's a pair of you—and a precious pair to be sure," and she thumped the floor again. "Didn't I tell you to get along with you?" cried she.

"Where's my Annabella?" I shouted, for by this time I was as crazy as she. "Give her to me! You're a witch! You're a Gorgon! I come to deliver her!"

The old lady dropped into a chair.

"Sit down," said she, and punched me with her stick.

I sat down on the nearest thing I found—it was a table.

"Good as a dunce-block!" said the old woman.

"Sit still!"

I felt like the man the Ancient Mariner fixed with his glittering eye. I could just gasp:

"Oh, my Annabella!"

"She's not to be yours on any terms," said this old lady. "Now listen to me. You're a pair of young idiots! I knew, when I let her go away from home, she'd get into some mischief. She's always at it. She did get into mischief. I made her confess the whole! I've inquired. I know all about you! You haven't got money enough to pay for the shirt that's on your back, if you've got one on, for I dare say it's only a scarf and a pair of false wristbands." She made a dive at me, as if she meant to find out, and I tried to step on one side, and over went the table, and I heard a door open, and a scream, and into my arms rushed Annabella, shrieking:

"My James! My James!"

"Mine till death!" I yelled. "A legion of witches shouldn't part us!" and the old woman beating me over the back with a stick. But I didn't feel it till afterward. "Mine for ever!" I yelled again. "My Annabella! My love, my dove!"

"That voice!" said she, and pushed me away from her, and I saw her face for the first time. And it wasn't my Annabella, but a young woman with red hair; and I evidently wasn't her James, for she dropped into a chair in hysterics, moaning:

"Hit him, Aunt Betsy! Drive him out! He's mad! Police! Fire! Oh, my James!"

"Why, let me get out of the house," said I, as dizzy as if I had been a fly-wheel.

"Not yet!" said the old woman. "First, you'll explain all this." It's my house, and my teaspoons are in it, and I'll know what you came after.

"It oughtn't to be your house," was all I could say. "It ought to be Aunt Amelia's—it's number 11."

"It's number 10," said she, "and you know it." I began to understand that I had made a horrible blunder. Then that unreasonable young woman was sobbing in her chair, and the old one making passes at me with her stick.

"I'm very sorry," said I. "It's all a mistake. I came for Annabella."

"There she is," broke in the old woman.

"But my Annabella! Annabella Sothers."

"Why, that's that nasty thing across the street."

"Ma'am!" cried I, fiercely.

"Pooh! Fiddlestick!" said she. "What's your name?"

The young woman stopped sobbing; but kept her face hidden in her handkerchief.

"What's your name?" growled the old one.

Then I remembered it for the first time that morning.

"James Darling," said I, and began to hunt for my handkerchief, for the perspiration was streaming down my face. Out of my pocket dropped a card-case. The old woman snatched it, looked at my cards, read a letter there was in it from my banker, and all before I could expostulate.

"It's true," said she, and handed me back the case.

Imagine my feelings when that old catamaran rose, and stood over me, smiling, and held out her arms, saying:

"James, embrace your aunt! You want to marry my niece. You shall have her. Why didn't you mention your name at first? I know all about you! She is yours."

"I told you it was all a mistake," said I. "You're in the wrong house, or something. That's not my Annabella—"

"I am Annabella," cut in the young woman, as cool as a cucumber.

"And she shall be yours," said the old one. "James Darling, you can't come into Betsy Baker's house and ask her niece in marriage and hug her before Betsy's eyes, and then say it's a mistake. No, no! I'll have you married in half an hour."

Up I jumped. Away I ran, the old woman and the young one after me. But I got out, and, once in the street, there was my Annabella's house just opposite, and she and that Watchet standing at the window.

I got across the way. I rang the bell. I was in the parlour—I was crying:

"My Annabella! Oh, my Annabella!"

There was a little pale woman in the chair, who squeaked. I heard Watchet laugh. I saw Annabella come toward me, and she said:

"Sir, you have mistaken the number; eleven is across the way, and the young lady you were just embracing is probably the person of whom you are in search."

Well, sir, it seems that Watchet had had money left him, and a month after he married my Annabella; and my other Annabella threatened to sue me for breach of promise, and I had to pay five hundred pounds to quiet her and the old aunt; and I have never been engaged since, either on purpose or by accident.

F. L. E.

SCIENCE.

THE EARTHQUAKE INDICATOR.—Count Malveria, of Bologna, Italy, has recently devised an ingenious instrument for giving warning of earthquakes, and also for registering the direction of vibrations of the same.

PRODUCTION OF OZONE.—Ozone may be easily and abundantly generated in any apartment by means of an aqueous solution of permanganate of potash and oxalic acid. A very small quantity of these salts, placed in an open porcelain dish, is all that is necessary, the water being renewed occasionally as it evaporates. Metallic vessels should not be used.

IMITATION MEERSCHAUM.—A very good imitation of meerschaum, which may be carved like the genuine article, can be made by peeling common potatoes and macerating them, in water acidulated with eight per cent. sulphuric acid, for thirty-six hours. Dry on blotting paper, and for several days on plates of plaster of Paris in hot sand. The potatoes should be strongly compressed while drying.

SUN SPOTS.—The large spot, which recently appeared, has just crossed the sun's disc nearly in a line with the equator. Photographs were taken of it on the five days during its passage, showing it to be a large and very black spot, surrounded by a broad and distinct penumbra. On March 17 a large spot appeared in about the same position; and as exactly twenty-seven days had elapsed since the appearance of the other it is without doubt a return of the same spot. It appears somewhat smaller, and not so intensely black as at its first appearance, but is still very large. Besides the large spot, several small ones in groups and pairs have crossed the disc during the last month, and faculae have been observed several times. On the 10th of March two spots, one upon the eastern limb and the other upon the western, were seen surrounded by strongly marked faculae; and remote from any visible spot a luminous chain of the same appearance extended from the edge nearly one third across the disc.

GLUES.

1. **COMMON GLUE.**—The absolute strength of a well-glued joint is: Beech 2,133 lbs. per square inch across the grain, 1,095 lbs. with the grain; elm 1,436 lbs. per square inch across the grain, 1,124 lbs. with the grain; oak 1,735 lbs. per square inch across the grain, 563 lbs. with the grain; white wood 1,493 lbs. per square inch across the grain, 341 lbs. with the grain; maple 1,422 lbs. per square inch across the grain, 895 lbs. with the grain. It is customary to use from one sixth to one tenth of the above values, to calculate the resistance which surfaces joined with glue can permanently sustain with safety.

2. **WATERPROOF GLUE.**—Boil eight parts of common glue with about thirty parts of water, until a strong solution is obtained; and four and a half parts of boiled linseed oil, and let the mixture boil two or three minutes, stirring it constantly.

Parts to be taken by weight.

ACTION OF CAMPHOR ON PLANTS.—Professor Vogel, of Munich, has lately published some curious experiments on camphor and its physiological action on plants. In 1798 Benj. Smith Barton first announced the stimulating action of camphor on vegetable organisms. He stated that a tulip with its stalk dipping in a solution of that substance withered much later than others kept in common water, and that a yellow iris that was about to fade was reinvigorated for a few hours by means of camphor. Barton, therefore, came to the conclusion that this drug acts upon plants as a stimulant, much as spirits do on the animal frame. These all but forgotten experiments have lately been resumed by Professor Vogel, who has lately communicated his results to the Academy of Munich. He first prepared a homogeneous solution of camphor by triturating it with distilled water, and then shaking it up with a larger quantity of the same; and into this he puts his plants. Two branches of nerings (common lilac) in blossom, of equal size and vigour, were selected; one of them was put into

common water, the other into the camphorated solution. A remarkable difference was soon noticed. After the lapse of twelve hours the former was already drooping and nearly faded, while the latter was still erect and apparently as fresh as ever, some of its buds having even opened in the interval, and this healthy condition lasted three days. In another experiment a branch of lilac which was nearly dead was put into camphorated water and revived for a short time. The action of camphor is less powerful on the vine, and scarcely of any effect on black elder. The idea now presented itself that this drug might also have some action on seeds, and, accordingly, some of *Lepidium sativum*, or garden-cress, were subjected to this treatment. They were chosen very old, because in that state their germinating power is much weaker than when they are new. The seeds were placed on blotting paper in porcelain plates, one portion being wetted with the camphor solution and another with common water, another piece of blotting paper being laid over each. The germinating power of these seeds is considered not to extend beyond three years, and yet, under the influence of camphor, some of 1869 germinated in the course of twenty-four hours, and others of 1871 in seven hours, while those exposed to the action of pure water either did not give signs of life or, at least, very imperfectly. From these and similar experiments it may be concluded that camphor is a valuable agent in horticulture.

THE HARVEY TORPEDO.—Dummy Harvey torpedoes, for practice in the fleet, are being made in very large numbers, as we are informed, at Vauxhall's London Ordnance Works. This proves conclusively the high estimation in which this really matchless weapon is deservedly held. It is as well to add, while something like 20,000, it was paid by our Government for the privilege of being the fourth or fifth depository of the secret of the comparatively harmless "Fish Torpedo." Captain Harvey, who trusted his torpedo to the good faith of the Government and its insensitive sense of justice, has received 1,000*l.* only out of the modest sum of 5,000*l.* which is all that he has asked.

PORTLAND CEMENT.

PORTLAND cement consists of carbonate of lime mixed with silica, iron, and alumina, and is made by mixing chalk with mud obtained from the banks of the Thames and Medway, in the proportion of about four of chalk to one of mud; in some cases gaulty clay is used instead of mud. The materials are mixed in wash mills, and the result, called slurry, is run in large reservoirs or basins, and allowed to settle; it is then dried and calcined at a high temperature, and afterwards ground between millstones to the requisite fineness. The wash mill is a large, shallow, circular pan built of brick, into which the barrow loads of chalk and mud or clay are tipped; and a supply of water being added, the whole is stirred and thoroughly mixed by a set of revolving arms carried upon a central vertical shaft.

The liquid material flowing from the wash mill is raised by an elevator or pump, and delivered into a reservoir, in which it is allowed to settle; the water is then drawn off by a sluice, and the reservoir refilled from the wash mill. This process is repeated until the reservoir is full of the deposit or slurry, which is then dug out and laid on a drying floor of fireclay tiles or iron plates, heated by flues underneath, and covered with a light roof. The dried slurry is taken to the kilns to be burned, being charged into them with alternate layers of coke; when sufficiently burned the clinker is allowed to cool, and is then drawn out at the bottom of the kiln, and taken to the crushing rollers, by which it is broken up into small pieces preparatory to being ground by the millstones. Having passed through the millstones, the cement is laid out on the warehouse floor and allowed to cool, being occasionally turned over; this mixes the different days' work, and gives uniformity to the cement produced, and also allows any particles of lime still unslaked to slake by exposure to the air.

In colour Portland cement should be of a dull bluish gray, and should have a clear, sharp, almost floury feel in the hand; it should weigh from 112 to 118 lbs. per struck bushel, and, when moulded into a briquette or small testing block, and soaked in water for seven days, should be capable of resisting a tensile strain of from 300 to 400 lbs. per square inch. The cement should, during the process of setting, show neither expansion nor contraction.

DISCOVERY OF OLD COINS.—The labourers engaged in cleaning the reservoir of a warm spring in France found about four thousand bronze coins or medals, and a few gold coins and gold rings. They are very ancient, and are supposed to have been contributed as offerings by those in search of health from the waters of the spring.



[THE AURICULA.]

FLOWERS: THEIR LANGUAGE, SENTIMENT, SYMBOLS AND INTERPRETATION.

BY PHILANTHOS.

VOCABULARY.

ANEMONE, WOOD (Wind Flower, Zephyr Flower), Sickness, Expectation.

ANEMONE, GARDEN, Forsaken, Forlorn.

The Anemone is frequent in thickets and copses in the month of April, whence it is called *Anemone Nemorosa*. It is often seen, with the primroses, battling with the winds of March. John Clare says of these flowers that—

Dyed in winter's snow and rime,
Constant to their early time,
White the leaf-strewn ground again,
And make each wood a garden glen.

Its flowers are white and tinged with purple beneath, with three-cut leaves some distance below each flower. The Pasque, or Paschel Flower, *Anemone Pulsatilla*, has larger flowers of a dull blue colour.

The silence and the sound,
In the lone places breathe alike of Thee,
The temple twilight of the gloom profound,
And dew-cup of the frail Anemone.

Though the emblem of Sickness, many virtues are attributed to the Anemone in old Herbals. Don enumerates twenty-one varieties in his Catalogue, of which four are native wild flowers.

The flowers of the Wood Anemone fold up in a curious manner, and bend downwards on the approach of rain. In garden culture the stamens become transformed into supernumerary petals, and this attracts the attention of the florist.

In Italy it is called Star Flower, *Fiore Stella*, a name it well deserves from the shape of its petals. It is said that the Egyptians made it the emblem of Sickness from the paleness of its flowers.

He there
Gathers the copse's pride, Anemone,
With rays like golden studs on ivory laid.
Most delicate; but touched with purple clouds,
Fit crown for April's fair but changeable brow.

To return to the Wood Anemone, though the more splendid varieties of our shows are derived from exotic species which splendidly enamel meads of sunnier lauds, our native flower, ornamenting the leafy thicket, cannot fail to challenge our admiration:

Where thickly strewn in woodland bowers
Anemones their stars unfold.

The name Anemone, derived from the Greek Windflower, is an appropriate emblem of a forsaken maiden, for in the mythology we read that Anemone was a nymph beloved of Zephyr, and that this preference angered the Goddess Flora, who expelled her from her court and changed her to the flower which bears her name. It blooms before the return of Spring—Zephyr proving false and abandoning his unfortunate bride to the rude carresses of Boreas. The motto of the Anemone, "Her life is short," expresses her brief and vexed existence.

ANGELICA, GARDEN, and WILD, Magic, Inspiration.

This noble plant is found, both in gardens and wild, throughout the kingdom. It grows to a height of six or eight feet, with robust stalks, divided into branches. The leaves are large, composed of many smaller ones, on a divided footstalk, notched at the edges, and of a light green. The flowers are white and small, in large clusters of a roundish form. Two seeds follow each flower.

Every part of the plant is fragrant, and every part is used by herb doctors: the roots (the best are brought from Spain), the bruised seeds, and water distilled from the leaves; but the seeds are most powerful. It flowers in July, and the seeds are gathered in September.

The leaf-stalks are sometimes blanched and eaten with bread-and-butter like celery. Dried and preserved in sugar they form the sweetmeat known as Angelica.

Its name everywhere speaks of its nature: It is the Angélique of the French, the Angelwurx of the German, the Engelwurtel of Mynheer, and the Angelica of Spaniards, Italians and Russians.

The Garden Angelica excels in fragrance and medicinal qualities, and is taken as the symbol of Magic and Inspiration.

APPLE, THE, Temptation.

The Apple is too familiar to need description; nor need I further dilate on the reason which indicates this fruit as a symbol of Temptation. Old Gerarde (whose garden was in Holborn) in enumerating the kinds of Apple of his time says: "We have a natural Apple called Paradise Apple, very sweet, which ripeneth early without grafting."

APPLE BLOSSOM, Preference.

Although the Apple Tree has certainly no beauty of form, when its blossom is newly expanded it is one of the most beautiful of objects, and when we reflect that it is the forerunner of such a variety of valuable fruits, each in their kind, we can well see that it may symbolize a Preference for the person to whom it is presented.

APPLE, THORN.—See Thorn Apple.

APOCYANUM.—See Dogbane.

APRICOT BLOSSOM, Doubt.

This valuable fruit, a native of Persia, like our peach, is certainly so early in flowering as to suggest an emblem of Doubt. Tassier mentions it in 1568, and Gerarde in 1597. "There be two varieties that do grow in my garden and now-a-days in many other gentlemen's gardens through all England."

The frost often catches the Apricot, which has the peculiarity of producing its blossoms not only on last year's wood but on the "curious" or spurs from the two-year-old wood. Great care therefore is asked in pruning, or you may doubt the full return of fruit.

ARMOR VITÆ, Unchanging Friendship, Life for Life.

ARUM (Wake Robin), Ardour, Zeal.

This pretty little hedge-flower, common in April and May, known in some places as Cuckoo-pint (*Arum maculatum*), has arrow-shaped, shining leaves, often with large black spots, whence its Latin name. We have heard little country children call them Lords and Ladies.

The root is of the size and shape of a walnut, brown outside and white within, which may be used as food. In the Isle of Portland, where it abounds, it is thus used, after squeezing out the acrid juice. Its flour is used for making bread in Weymouth, and is sold by the chemists as "Portland sago." The fresh root is also used medicinally, and Doctor Brooke says it is valuable as an antidote to psalys.

The celebrated cosmetic called Cypress or Cyprus Powder is neither more nor less than prepared Arum root.

The flower is most singular. It rises in a kind of fleshy column, sometimes green, sometimes violet colour. On this is the blossom, and on this cluster afterwards the bright orange berries, which are so conspicuous in appearance. Observe: these pretty berries are highly poisonous, though eaten with impunity by many birds. This neighbourhood of nutritious and poisonous substances in the same plant is a curious feature of the Arum and some other plants—the berries being poisonous, the root edible. The leaves, too, when eaten by children, have produced alarming swelling of the tongue and fauces.

ASH, MOUNTAIN.—See Mountain Ash.

ASH TREE (*Fraxinus Excelsior*), Grandeur, Dignity.

Aloft the Ash and warrior Oak

Cast anchor in the rifted rock. Sir W. Scott.

The Ash Tree is well chosen as the emblem of Dignity. It is remarkable in very old specimens for the way in which its lower branches curve upwards. Its greenish-white flowers appear before its leaves, which are the latest of our deciduous trees. The wood is valuable for a variety of purposes, being tough and elastic.

There is a fanciful allegory of the Ash in the Northern Edda to the effect that the gods held their councils under the shade of the miraculous Ash, whose extended branches cover the whole earth, while the top of the tree is in the heavens and the roots in the infernal regions. An eagle constantly sits on the tree, to observe everything, and to him a squirrel constantly ascends and descends with the tidings of things done on earth. From its roots flow two fountains. In the one is hidden Wisdom, in the other Knowledge of Futurity. Three virgins have charge of the sacred tree, and they water the tree from the two fountains, which exhale a dew that produces manna, or honey, upon the earth.

From the *Fraxinus Ornus*, or Flowering Ash, of

Sicily and Calabria, is procured the "Manna" known in apothecaries' shops, and used in medicine. Rose-water and tamarinds boiled, with the addition of a little manna—say half an ounce, and four ounces of rosewater, and half an ounce of tamarinds—is a very nice and safe Spring medicine for the little ones. So I have put it in here that I may blend utility with recreative reading.

ASIATIC RANUNCULUS.—See *Ranunculus Asiaticus*.
ASPEN TREE (*Populus Tremula*), Fear, Trembling.
—See Poplar, Black; Poplar, White.

I would not be
A leaf on yonder Aspen Tree,
In every fickle breeze to play,
Wildly, weakly, idly gay,
So feebly framed, so lightly hung,
By the wing of an insect stirred and swung.

The appropriateness of this emblem need not be dilated upon. There is a monkish legend that the cross on which our Redeemer suffered was made of this species of Poplar, and that since its ministration in this crowning crime its leaves can never rest.

Another curious legend runs thus:—At the awful hour of the Passion, when earth, shaken with horror, rang the passing bell for the Son of Man, when universal nature groaned and the graves opened, then from the loftiest tree and the lowliest shrub all felt the shock, and, trembling, bowed their heads; all save the Aspen by the river, which said, "Why should we tremble—we trees have never sinned?" It had scarcely ceased its speech when every leaf shook with involuntary fear, and the word went forth that it should never cease to tremble until the end of all things.

This trembling movement has been thus scientifically expressed:—"Each heart-shaped leaf of the Aspen adheres to a twig by a long and slender stalk, the plane of which is at right angles to that of the leaf, and consequently allows a much freer motion than is possible with leaves which have their surfaces parallel with their stalks. This peculiarity, with the cottony lining beneath and a hairy surface above, causes that perpetual motion and quivering, even when we fail otherwise to perceive the least breath of air stirring."

The Aspen grows in woods and by rivers, and in the clefts of rocks, and flowers in March and April. The Black and White Poplar (*ibele*) are of this family.

ASTER, CHINA.—See China Aster.

ASPHODEL, Love beyond the Grave, Undying Constancy.

The Asphodel, both yellow and white, is an elegant garden flower; it grows to about three feet in height, and the stalk divides into three or four branches towards the top. The flowers stand in spikes on the top of these divisions; the white are streaked with purple on the top and have yellow threads within side. The leaves are long and narrow, yellow and sharp pointed, and the root, which is composed of several oblong tubers, is used as food for sheep in Apulia, and other parts of Italy.

The Asphodel was dedicated to Proserpine, in commemoration of her abduction by Pluto, the King of Hades. As Proserpine, the daughter of Jove and Ceres, was gathering flowers in the field at the foot of Mount Etna, in Sicily, Pluto, who had admired her charms, rose in his chariot through the earth, and seizing the nymph bore her to his infernal kingdom, where he made her his sorrowing bride and queen.

Her mother, Ceres, sought her in vain throughout the earth, but being at last informed by the Nymph Cyane of her abduction she obtained of Jupiter permission that she should spend six months on earth and six in her own unpleasant dominion. It would appear that the Asphodel (or Narcissus) was the immediate object of Proserpine's flower-gathering at the fatal moment of her abduction. Shakespeare, in that beautiful passage in "The Winter's Tale" in which Perdita wishes for a nosegay of those flowers which had shed their blooms before the harvest time, says:

Oh, Proserpina,
For the flowers now that frighted, thou lettest fall
From Dis's wagon: Daffodils,
That come before the swallow darts, and take
The winds of March with beauty; Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale Primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength.

It will be observed that nature's poet here shows his deep study of flower lore; every bloom mentioned is of the earliest Spring. That poetic people, the Greeks, linked every flower here mentioned with some tale, or allegory, mingled with man or woman's joyous use, virtue or crime, sin or happiness. The Asphodel was much used in their funeral ceremonies; and the shades who have passed the River Acheron

wander over vast fields of everblooming Asphodel, and there drink the waters of oblivion. Longfellow, in the verses called "Two Angels," says:

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke.

And one was crowned with Amaranth, as with flames,
And one with Asphodel, like flakes of light.

Pope, in the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," takes Orpheus where

Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow groves of Asphodel
Or Amaranthine bowers.

AURICULA (*Auricula Primula*), Painting.

This pretty adornment of our gardens was known in times past as the Mountain, or French Cowslip: it was also called "Bear's Ear" (*Auricula Ursi*), from the shape of its leaves.

It is an old-established florists' pet (Gerarde mentions it), and its varieties are too numerous to recapitulate, while the secrets and tricks of "fanciers" who cultivate it would fill a volume. It is well chosen as the emblem of Painting, as no flower has more the effect of artificial colouring in its corolla.

Good Auriculas may be grown by offsets taken off after flowering in the Autumn and put in pots in a compact of leaf-mould, sandy loam and well-rotted manure, in a cold frame; or the common sort will thrive in borders in a moist and shady situation, with an occasional division of the root, like the common Primrose. It has also been made an emblem of Pride.

See
Where, arrayed in pencilled pride and velvet robe,
Like brilliant stars arrayed in splendid row,
The proud Auriculas their lustre show.

AURICULA, SCARLET, Avarice.

In its wild state the Auricula is occasionally red or yellow, occasionally of a purple colour, and scattered over with a mealy powder.

As I find Scarlet Auricula allotted to "Avarice" in an American vocabulary, I have inserted it.

AZALEA, Temperance.

This large and beautiful tribe of plants, the pride of our modern flower-shows, must be treated as what are now properly called "American plants;" that is, grown in heath and mould, with a little sandy loam, under glass, or at any rate in a well-sheltered situation. The Azalea is "a thing of beauty" from its early display of splendid flowers—while "Winter is yet smiling in the lap of spring," various shades of pink, cherry, red, white and yellow clustering its twigs before even leaves are developed. *Azalea Viscona*, *Glaucia*, *Nudiflora*, *Candulacea* are from North America, *Azalea Pontica*, with lovely yellow blossoms, comes from Circassia. Then we have Chinese Azaleas of wondrous beauty; and all these our skilful nurserymen have multiplied until it would take something like a page of the LONDON READER to give a list of the varieties, of which new ones are appearing each season. And so, with this lovely emblem of Temperance, I close the first letter of the

ALPHABET OF FLOWERS.

(To be continued.)

THE THRONE OF SOLOMON.

THE following account of a remarkable piece of mechanism is taken from a Persian manuscript called "The History of Jerusalem." It purports to be a description of the throne of King Solomon, and if the details are correctly given it undoubtedly surpasses any piece of mechanism produced in modern times:

The sides of it were of pure gold, the feet of emerald and rubies intermixed with pearls, each of which was as large as an ostrich's egg. The throne had seven steps; on each side were delineated orchards full of trees, the branches of which were of precious stones, representing fruit, ripe and unripe; on the tops of the trees were to be seen figures of plumage birds, particularly the peacock, the stamb, and the kurgas. All these birds were hollowed within artificially, so as to occasionally utter a thousand melodious sounds, such as the ear of mortals never before heard.

On the first step were delineated vine branches, having bunches of grapes, composed of various sorts of precious stones, fashioned in such a manner as to represent the various colours of purple, violet, green, and red, so as to render the appearance of real fruit. On the second step, on each side of the throne, were

two lions of terrible aspect, large as life, and formed of cast gold.

The nature of this remarkable throne was such that when Solomon placed his foot on the first step the birds spread forth their wings and made a fluttering noise in the air. On his touching the second step the lions expanded their claws. On his reaching the third step the whole assemblage of demons and fairies and men repeated the praise of the Deity. When he arrived at the fourth step voices were heard addressing him in the following manner: "Son of David, be thankful for the blessings which the Almighty has bestowed upon you." The same was repeated on his reaching the fifth step. On his touching the sixth all the children of Israel joined them; and on his arrival at the seventh all the thrones, birds, and animals became in motion, and ceased not until he had placed himself on the royal seat, when the birds, lions, and other animals, by secret springs, discharged a shower of the most precious perfumes on Solomon, after which two of the kurgas descended and placed the golden crowns upon his head.

COUSIN TOMLINSON.

PENELOPE, who often wondered why it had been necessary to name her after her dead-and-gone great-grand-aunt, was growing up into a fine young woman. She was sixteen, and tall at that.

Her cousin, Tomlinson Perrybrook, then five-and-twenty, made up his mind to marry her, if he could get her, since in his estimation she was the prettiest, best, and sweetest little darling living; but she was only sixteen. He would say nothing yet—he would wait until she was seventeen, and then speak. Then Tomlinson Perrybrook, having made up his mind, quietly went back to his occupation, which was what he called "improving his place."

He laid out new roads, planted new trees, improved the garden, and gave the parlour a fine frescoed wall and ceiling, a new Persian carpet, and velvet furniture.

Meanwhile, he said nothing to Penelope, having not the slightest doubt that she liked him and would say "Yes" whenever he said "Will you?"

Penelope did like him. She was secretly a good deal in love with him, and very much hurt that he did not make love to her. Every one in the house knew this, except Tomlinson himself. He was waiting for the seventeenth birthday.

Before that time Penelope went to London to pay a visit. There, at the house of a fashionable relative, she met a fashionable young man, who fell desperately in love with her. In her heart Penelope wished that her cousin Tomlinson had been in his place; but, as far as she knew, her cousin Tomlinson had no more than cousinly affection for her. Consequently, feeling that her youth was waning with the approach of her seventeenth birthday, she accepted her first offer and came home with a big diamond on her finger to tell her father and mother what she had done. They, in turn, told Cousin Tomlinson, who, having contrived to hide his emotion, escaped from them as soon as possible, and went home to shut himself up in the frescoed parlour he had furnished for unconscious Penelope and cry like a girl.

Life seemed at an end to the young man now this horrible thing had happened to him, and he wished he had asked the girl to decide his fate for him before she left her peaceful country home for the temptations of the city. Even then, however, he could not quite see how he could have done this, since he had quite resolved to wait until the seventeenth birthday was past.

There was nothing for it now but to get over his misery as well as he could, and he congratulated his cousin in a very pretty choice of words, and went away to distract his mind by travel. He resolved not to return until the end of November. This was in May. In June his aunt, Penelope's mother, wrote to him. One of the paragraphs of her letter contained a tremendous piece of news. It was this:

"I am sorry to tell you, dear nephew, that Penelope has quarrelled with the gentleman she was to marry, and that affair is quite broken off, so that she has even given him back his ring. Of course such events are unpleasant, though we are glad to keep our girl a little longer. Mr. Dinwiddie was silly enough to be jealous without reason."

Penelope was free again. Cousin Tomlinson's spirits arose. The frescoed parlour arose before his imagination, with Penelope on one side of the grate and he upon the other, in twin arm-chairs. He saw her driving the little pony phaeton he intended to buy for her down the broad road leading from the house to the gate, and he was just three days' distance from home; and a woman whose heart has just been hurt is always ready to accept a salve for it in the shape of a new lover, as we all know. It would be well for him to return home, and exhibit

himself as Penelope's adorer in this moment of maiden humiliation. But this young man liked to carry out the plan he had formed for himself. He had said that he would travel until November, and it seemed proper to do so, consequently he proceeded on his journey. Now Penelope, who had not loved her lover, but only been pleased by his love for her, had thought a good deal about Cousin Tomlinson, whose woe-begone face had given her a notion of the truth the day he called to bid her adieu before he set off upon his journey; and she had actually purposely made her lover quarrel with her, and broken off her match, on his account.

"Tell my cousin, mamma," she had said; and mamma had written. But when Cousin Tomlinson made no response Penelope grew angry; when he did not return, or even write to her, angrier yet. When June, July, August, and October had passed she began to confess that she was an idiot to throw away a true heart for one that had no love for her, and that Tomlinson Perry had worn a long face for some other reason than her engagement.

The consequence was that when exactly on the twenty-third of November, as he had resolved in the first place, Cousin Tomlinson returned home, and to lose no time hurried to his aunt's as soon as he had made himself presentable with the firm intention of proposing to Penelope that very evening, he stood aglance at the door of the parlour before a very pretty picture that dissolved before his gaze.

His cousin Penelope with a gentleman's arm about her waist.

He retreated to his aunt.

"Who is that?" he asked, pointing to the parlour.

"Mr. Dinwiddie," said his aunt.

"I thought you told me—" began Tomlinson.

"Only a lovers' quarrel after all," said the aunt, smilingly, and quite unaware of Tomlinson's anguish. "They've made it up beautifully."

"They seem to have done so," said Tomlinson, remembering the dissolving view.

He went away shortly after, and left his compliments for his cousin.

Miss Penelope married Mr. Dinwiddie this time, and really grew to love him; but there was something charming about her Cousin Tomlinson, erect as a poplar, and prim as a Quaker, which was exceedingly to her taste. His little pink mouth and narrow, well-drawn eyebrows were very, very pretty. His hair was always parted properly. There was no dust on his coat.

She sometimes contrasted him with her husband and wished that Heaven had given her such a man, but no one ever guessed it, and the poor young country lady felt very much ashamed of the silly secret hidden in her breast. She was in all respects a good wife and resolutely set herself to banishing her cousin's image from her breast. She believed herself to have succeeded when ten years had gone by, but Tomlinson was still a bachelor and still kept the room he secretly called Penelope's parlour as a sort of secret hiding-place, where he went at times very late in the evening with a flat candlestick to bewail his single blessedness and indulge in retrospection.

But a change was at hand. Mr. Dinwiddie, who was fond of horses, bought a fine-spirited creature in the morning and rode him out in the afternoon. That night Penelope kept dinner waiting long—in fact for ever. No one ever ate that dinner, it burnt to cinders in the oven, for in the ghostly moonlight, as she sat at her window, she saw her husband's horse rush past like some black phantom without his rider. The poor fellow lay three miles back upon the lonely road, prone on his face, stone dead!

And so Penelope at twenty-seven was a widow.

As time passed and her grief softened she certainly looked very well in her cap. Cousin Tomlinson thought so, so did Mr. Wincher, who settled her husband's property. This time Cousin Tomlinson made up his mind promptly.

Of course it would be indecorous to intrude upon a widow's grief with words of love. He would wait a year for decency and one month over for good measure.

He wrote the date down in his note-book and counted the days as a girl does those between the present and her first ball. Meanwhile he made no sign and kept away, and Mr. Wincher, being Mrs. Dinwiddie's legal gentleman, found it necessary to call on business very often.

The year tottered away on Time's old feet. The month after it waxed and waned. Once or twice, when they met by chance, something in Cousin Tomlinson's eyes had revived old fancies in the widow's heart. But at the end of the year she remembered that he had not so much as called once. She gave a little sigh, and looked in the glass.

"Twenty-seven is not seventeen," she said, as she pinned on her first white collar, and tied a little white crape bow. "I'm sure, at least, that Tomlinson used to think me pretty."

Just then a servant came to tell her that Mr. Wincher had called about the bit of meadow land.

On the twenty-fourth of December at half-past seven in the evening, as he had decided, Tomlinson Perry, just thirty-six, dressed himself with much care; observed, with some annoyance, that a bald spot as big as a shilling interfered with the straightness of the back parting of his hair, and, buttoning a pair of pearl-coloured kid gloves, betook himself to his cousin's residence.

He rang the bell, a girl answered it, and took in his card.

She returned to beg that he would wait a few moments. Tomlinson waited half an hour. Then a jubilant gentleman came flying out of the parlour and shook hands with him. It was Mr. Wincher, whom he knew very well.

"We'll go in and see her in a moment, my dear fellow," he said, in a whisper. "She's a little agitated. Ladies always are on such occasions. We'll leave her to herself a while."

"Occasions—what occasions? Christmas Eve?" asked Tomlinson.

Mr. Wincher shook his head.

"You haven't suspected me, then?" he said. "She has just promised to make me happy by becoming Mrs. Wincher."

Again Tomlinson with a woeful aspect uttered congratulations. Again Mrs. Dinwiddie gave a little sigh and drove away a little thought.

She was married to Mr. Wincher in the spring, and there was no sudden dissolution of the marriage, for Mr. Wincher lived thirty years, which, for a gentleman who was forty-eight on his wedding-day, was not doing so badly. He died of something with an exceedingly long name; and having been very kind indeed to his wife she shed a great many bitter tears, and felt very, very lonely. She was fifty-eight now, and had no children.

The second widow's cap and crape veil shaded the face of an elderly woman, but she had grown round and had a bloom in her cheeks few gray hairs, and a splendid set of false teeth.

When she had been a widow six months Tomlinson Perry, an old bachelor of sixty-five, utterly bald and grown woefully thin, sat over his solitary fire.

"It is queer how old fancies hang on," he said to himself. "I suppose I could have any beautiful young girl I chose to propose to" (an old bachelor always believes that, and the older he grows and the uglier he gets the stronger this strange hallucination becomes). "But I am fonder of Penelope than of any of them. She is changed, of course; not pretty now, and I suppose other men think her an old woman; but she's a darling yet, and if I can get her to marry a third time and come here and live in the old house I made ready for her when she was seventeen the end of my life will be its happiest, and Heaven bless her! I'll try my best to make her happy too. Then he went to his desk and looked at a bit of ribbon she had dropped from her hair the day she was first a bride, and he had saved all these years, and kissed it; and taking his cane (he had already had a twinge or two of rheumatism) went to call upon his cousin Penelope.

Portly and rosy, she sat knitting at her fire, neatly clad in widow's weeds. Opposite her sat a stout gentleman, perhaps two or three years her junior.

"This is my next-door neighbour, Mr. Porkpacker, Cousin Tomlinson," she said.

Tomlinson bowed—so did Mr. P.

"Any relative of Mrs. Wincher's I'm delighted to know, I'm sure," he said, with great emphasis; but he did not go. It is etiquette for one caller to leave soon after the arrival of another, Cousin Tomlinson knew, but perhaps Mr. Porkpacker did not. At all events he sat and sat, and talked and talked, until Tomlinson, rising, said:

"Cousin Penelope, will you see me to the door? I've a word to say to you."

She smiled, and went out into the hall with him. He drew the door close.

"He pays long calls, I see," he said, indicating Mr. Porkpacker.

"Something like a blush mounted to Penelope's face."

"Perhaps he thinks he has a right to do so, Cousin Tomlinson," she said. "I'm glad you called to-night, for when a woman of my age takes such a step she doesn't like to break it to her friends herself. You must do it for me, cousin. You must mention that I am engaged to Mr. Porkpacker. He is a worthy man, and respects me very much, and has fourteen motherless children, and our estates join, and I am lonesome—oh, so lonesome! And when people at our time of life do this sort of thing what is the use of delay? I shall, of course, not marry before the year is out; but then—"

Poor Cousin Tomlinson, he sat down on a hall-chair, and excused the act by speaking of his late

attack of rheumatism. Then he added, apropos of her late words:

"Yes, yes, delays are dangerous!" And then he said, very softly:

"Well, well! Good-bye, Cousin Penelope! Good-bye!"

And he held her hand longer than he had ever held it before, and for the last time in his life, and went away down the long gravel path.

She looked after him.

"He's an old man now, Heaven bless him," she said; "but how trim and straight he is!"

Then the thought that had haunted all her life flashed into her heart for one instant and warmed it back to youth.

"Ah, no fool like an old fool," she said, and went back to Mr. Porkpacker, who had meanwhile refreshed himself with a short nap, with his head against the paper, and burst out of it with confused apologies.

Mr. Porkpacker outlived his wife, and Mr. Tomlinson died before she did. He never made up his mind about her any more; but in the other world? I often wonder, don't you, how such things are settled in the other world? M. K. D.

FACTETIE.

A VERY fat old lady boasted at a tea-party that she brought her husband ~~one~~ thousand pounds.

"Well, you look it," responded one of her affectionate friends.

A YOUNG Irish student at a veterinary college being asked "If a broken-winded horse was brought to him for cure, what he would advise?" promptly replied: "To sell him as soon as possible."

A PARTHIAN SHAFT.

COOK: "Now I'm a leavin' of yer, mum, I may as well as well tell yer as the key of the kitchen-door fits your store-room!"—Punch.

A LADY living in the rural districts didn't like it when, on asking her husband—just returned from London—what was the "sweetest thing" he saw in bonnets in Regent Street, he replied: "The ladies' faces, my dear."

ONE FOR HER NOB.

YOUNG LADY VISITOR: "There—there, don't cry like that, even suppose you did fall downstairs and hurt yourself. I shouldn't."

YOUNG GENTLEMAN: "Oh, I desay not; but I ain't got a chignon like you!"—Judy.

RECENTLY a local paper said:—"The prettiest girl doesn't carry herself straight enough when promenading." For a week after all the girls in the vicinity stalked about like so many bean-poles, and every girl said: "That horrid paper! Ma, don't I walk straight?"

LIFE INSURANCE.

MISTRESS: "Mary, it's a telegram from your master. He has met with an accident on the railway. Oh, if it should kill him!"

MARY: "But it can't, mum, can it, if he's insured his life?"—Judy.

SHARP END.

"Thomas, of what fruit is cider made?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Why, what a stupid boy! What did you get when you robbed Farmer Jones's orchard?"

"I got a thrashing, sir!"

LUNT.

"Sammy, my son, how many weeks belong to the year?"

"Forty-six, sir."

"Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?"

"The other six are Lent."

WELL-EARNED REST.

FIRST ARTIST: "Been working to-day?"

SECOND DITTO: "Y'as, awful hard. Been riding up and down Underground Railway in a third-class carriage, studying character. Think I'll go to bed. There's nothing like a good day's work to make you enjoy your rest."—Fun.

A FRAGMENT.

LITTLE GIRL: "And, oh, Major Dyer, she had such a lovely dress on—green, you know; at least not exactly green, you know, but something like colour of—of—dear me!—of your whiskers!"

[We decline to print the major's dyeing speech, made immediately afterwards].—Fun.

THE REASON WHY.

"Cato, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes to the South in the winter?"

"Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand de clemency of the Norf, and so am obliged to go to de Souf, where he sperience warmer longimitude."

STENS.—When a young lady signifies her intention to devote the remainder of her days to taking care of "the old folks at home" it is a sign that she would rather not, but is preparing to make a virtue

of necessity. When a young gentleman begins to pay particular attention to his legs, and neither extremities it is a sign that he is "shaky" at the other end. The calf is more than the man. When the mother of six unwedded daughters "regrets that the time will come when the dear things must be parted" it is a sign that she would not go into mourning on that account.

HAD HIM THERE!

LADY: "You're a very good boy, I understand, and learn your lessons well—"

BOY'S FATHER: "Pretty well, let's say, miss."

LADY: "And if you only learnt a little better manners, and took your hat off when you spoke to a lady—"

[Boy's father doesn't interrupt this time, but takes the hint himself.]—Judy.

COLD WITHOUT.

"Gracious Heavens, doctor! do you mean to tell me that I must do without stimulants altogether?"

"Certainly. If by any chance you should feel a sinking between your meals, I don't object to a—to—"

"Yeal!—Yeal!—"

"Wineglassful of cold water, you know!"—Punch.

BY patience and perseverance all obstacles may be overcome. A City gentleman has succeeded in raising five lemons in a hothouse by using four tons of coal to keep the hothouse warm, and by incurring the additional expense of a winter gardener.

QUID PRO QUO.

Two lawyers in a county court—one of whom had gray hair, and the other, though just as old a man as his learned friend, had hair which looked suspiciously black—had some alteration about a question of practice in which the gentleman with the dark hair remarked to his opponent:

"A person at your time of life, sir," looking at the barrister's gray head, "ought to have a long enough experience to know what is customary in such cases."

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "you may stare at my gray hair, if you like. My hair will be gray as long as I live, and yours will be black as long as you dye."

LITERAL.

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the foot-way to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

"Now, that's true benevolence."

"No, it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant, "it's salt."

So when a lady asked her servant girl if the man servant cleared off the snow with alacrity she replied:

"No ma'am, he used a shovel."

The same literal turn of mind which we have been illustrating is sometimes used intentionally and perhaps a little maliciously and thus becomes the property of wit instead of blunders. Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug shop is?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, your honour," said the urchin.

There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic middle-aged lady with:

"Boy, I want to go to Dover Road."

"Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go there then?"

One day a party of gentlemen strolling along a beautiful island on the margin of a lake, with bad luck, espied a little fellow with a red shirt and straw hat dangling a line over the side of a boat.

"Hallo, boy," said one of them, "what are you doing?"

"Fishing," came the answer.

"Well, of course," said the gentleman, "but what do you catch?"

"Fish, of course! What do you s'pose?"

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant," said the boy.

EXCHANGING PULPITS.

A few miles from Manchester there now lives, and has lived for several years past, a worthy clergyman, a man, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday, about eight years ago, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in that village to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw the Rev. Mr. — in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and, accordingly, nearly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep

their countenances, and with overpious faces seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking, tremulous voice proclaimed the text—"Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid." A general roar of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman became confused, and turned all sorts of colours. Many, in the general uproar, left the church, and it was a long time before the minister was enabled to proceed with his sermon, so abruptly broken off.

"ARE there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger of a certain newsboy. "No; do you feel lonesome?" was the reply.

ANOTHER VENUS.—Another Venus has been dug up near Rome. They are getting to be so common that perhaps it would be well enough to see if the trade mark is all right, with a view to determine their genuineness. Though when a Venus has been buried so long she certainly has well grounded claims to authenticity.

GETTING OVER A DIFFICULTY.—A countryman brought a board to an artist with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher, as large as life. "But," returned the artist, "the board is much too short for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. "That's bad," said he; "but looker, sir, you can let his ankles hang over the edge of the board."

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

"Oh, the days when I was young!"

Then each rural scene looked pretty,
Sweet the lark and linnet sung—
Sweet the thrush and blackbird's ditty.

Wood and lawn were gay and green—
Murmuring streamlets ran so clearly,
Down each dell the hills between—
Oh, I loved such prospects dearly!

Daisies decked the dappled plains,
Mottled herds along them straying;
In the shade the tenuous swains
Love's fantastic measures playing.

Fancy still was on the wing,
Buxom glee and freakish folly—
All was hope and mirth and spring,
Unalloyed with melancholy.

But as waning life grows old
(What a serious Mentor age is!)
Time's reproach, so grave and cold,
Warns me to consult the sages.

Death steals upon us by degrees,
Severing many a dear connexion—
Scenes that once gay youth could please
Cause, now, many a dull reflection.

T. S.

GEMS.

HE that is good may hope to become better; he that is bad may fear that he will become worse; for vice, virtue, and time never stand still.

HUMAN nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of other men than in their own.

WE never heard man or woman much abused that we were not inclined to think the better of them and to transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow-creature.

WITHOUT the guide of reason, as on a tempestuous sea, we are the sport of every wind and wave, and know not, till the event hath determined it, how the next billow will dispose of us; whether it will dash us against a rock or drive us into a quiet harbour.

CONTROL YOUR CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are born with very little innate goodness, and with little or no knowledge of right. They have it all to learn from either precept or example, for they know nothing only what is taught them and what they acquire from experience and observation, as they advance in life. They are not naturally the innocent creatures that they are often said to be, but are often cruel in their dispositions and unreasonable in their wants and desires, while their ideas of justice and propriety are very crude and incorrect.

Hence the great responsibility of parents, for their children know nothing of their obligations to them, nor of their duties to each other, only as they are taught them. The want of proper culture is the reason why we often see such unlovely relations

between parent and child. In fact, we go so far as to hold the parent measurably responsible for the distorted and perverted notions of right and wrong in after life which lead to theft, robbery, and murder; for very few will ever become outlaws who have had a proper moral training in the home of their minority.

A remissness of parents to teach and govern their children is an evil of the present age. They should be controlled in their passions, their desires and their appetites; and in every instance obedience should be enforced, even if the parent has to resort to Solomon's plan to do it.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

AN IMPROVED POULTICE.—At a recent meeting of the Académie de Médecine, Paris, M. Le Fort read his report on a substitute for the ordinary linseed-meal poultice, invented by M. Lelièvre. It is prepared by saturating two superimposed layers of wadding with a solution of *Fucus Crispus*, or Carrageen lichen, and drying them in a stove after they had been submitted to strong pressure. In this way a sheet of the consistence of cardboard is produced, a portion of which is cut off when wanted, and soaked in hot water for fifteen or twenty minutes; this swells it out and fills its tissue with a mucilaginous fluid. It has been tried in several of the hospitals, to the great satisfaction of both patients and attendants. It can be prepared in large quantities beforehand, and will keep for a long time without undergoing any alteration. MM. Demarquay, Gosselin, and Verneuil pronounce it to be far superior to the linseed poultice; it keeps moist for more than sixteen or eighteen hours; it does not slip, is inodorous, and does not readily ferment.

TO REMOVE RINGS.—In case a finger ring becomes too tight to pass the joint of the finger, the finger should first be held in cold water to reduce any swelling or inflammation. Then wrap a rag soaked in hot water around the ring to expand the metal, and lastly soap the finger. A needle threaded with strong silk can then be passed between the ring and finger, and a person holding the two ends and pulling the silk, while sliding it around the periphery of the ring, will readily remove the latter. Another method is to pass a piece of sewing silk under the ring, and wind the thread in pretty close spirals and closely around the finger to the end—that below the ring—and begin unwinding.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KING CHRISTIAN IX. of Denmark celebrated, on the 8th of April, the 57th anniversary of his birthday.

A PAINTING of the "Madonna and Infant Jesus," by Albert Dürer, has, according to the "Continental Herald," been discovered in the Castle of Glucksburg.

MRS. NOAH GOSS, of Amherst, New Hampshire, the oldest person in that State, died March 20, aged 105 years, 1 month, and 19 days. Her great age is said to be well authenticated.

NOT a third of the pictures sent in to the Royal Academy for examination this year can be accepted, and many of undoubted merit will be compelled to go to the wall, instead of being hung thereon.

EVEN since the funeral of Dr. Livingstone some kind hand has, once a week, placed a fresh wreath of beautiful flowers upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey, the wreath which was brought on Monday, being composed of particularly fine hothouse plants.

THE jury of the approaching exhibition at the Palace of Industry in Paris have passed 2,300 works of art, paintings, sculpture, engravings, drawings, &c., to which number must be added about 2,000 others exempt from the preliminary examination. The total of 4,300 exceeds that of any recent year.

MR. CUTHBERT LYTTON, the popular reader and lecturer, has returned from his provincial tour, which, according to the country press, has been a very successful one. Mr. Lytton announces as his novelty for the summer season a new series of Graphic Readings with Biographical and Anecdotal introductions, specially selected and written for him by the author of his well-known entertainment "Fixed for the Night." Such a series of readings should prove both interesting and instructive.

WHAT MAKES BALD HEADS.—It is well for people to understand once for all that the reason why there are so many bald-headed young men now-a-days is the universal custom that prevails of shampooing the head with stimulating washes. The wonder is there are any men left with full suits of hair. The custom should be discontinued at once, and young men should be warned in season against this pernicious practice. Let shampooing cease from this time forward.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. G.—Any manuscript you may forward will receive careful consideration.

J. H. Y.—The former communication was duly noticed. We do not reply to ordinary correspondents by post.

S.—An inquiry in the neighbourhood would be of more service to you; for we cannot say.

G. H.—No, the tale in question has not been published in a separate form.

R. P. S.—The handwriting is very good and suitable for any position in life.

MADAME.—As the letter appears to be rather thoughtlessly worded no great harm would ensue if you gave the subject your careful consideration.

FOLLY H.—A third person would find a great difficulty in interfering or advising in a case where so many cross-purposes are at work.

PROFESSOR.—Black dyes are frequently made by a decoction of madder and logwood, with which is sometimes mixed the acetate of iron.

O. K.—To give to brass the colour of silver by means of a cleansing process only is a method of transformation beyond our ken.

ARTHERCART.—1. Your better course is to consult a surgeon on the subject should necessity arise. 2. A master is not obliged, in point of law, to give his former apprentices a character.

NOTING JIN.—The time for settling down in your case has scarcely yet arrived, as it draws nearer so much the more circumspect and prudent should your roving become.

A READER.—Those who are ambitious enough to join either of the regiments of Life Guards should attend about 5ft. 9 or 10in. high and measure about forty inches round the chest.

XENOPHON.—Some notion of the numerous works upon the subject referred to may be obtained by consulting the last edition of the classified index to the London Catalogue of Books.

A. B.—A marriage between persons whose notions upon religious topics differ is generally considered not advisable. Perhaps the best thing we can say to you on the subject is—don't.

Geo H.—You seem to have exhausted all possible remedies for the unusual phenomenon referred to. We are sorry that we can suggest no elixir likely to answer your purpose.

SHADOW OF THE STORM.—1 and 2. If you take a walk down the Strand and Fleet Street you will find shops where the wants to which you allude can be supplied. 3. A youth of sixteen should not smoke any tobacco.

DANIEL MC C.—There is a certain sort of merit in your lines about "Honesty." But inferentially you seem to say that the virtue is confined to the lowly and the poor, a sentiment hardly warranted by the actual state of things.

A VERY CONSTANT READER.—You should try what plenty of exercise in the open air will do for you, and take a simple but wholesome and nutritious diet. The handwriting is too diffuse to meet with general admiration.

P. F.—A youth who has only passed through twenty summers is generally considered to be deficient in such experience of the world as will enable a man to take proper care of a wife. The billing and cooing no doubt would approach perfection, but in matrimony more serious and difficult duties are involved.

M. W. G.—1. It is usual for the bride, or her relatives or friends, to supply the wedding breakfast as well as the bride's trousseau. Of course circumstances might place these duties in the hands of the bridegroom, for there are very few rules to which there are no exceptions. 2. The question is too personal.

NELLY PHILLO.—1. Belladonna, when applied externally to the eyes, is supposed to have the effect of brightening them. But too great caution cannot be used in the application of this poisonous cosmetic. The eyesight is too precious to be tampered with by the love of admiration. 2. The handwriting is remarkably good.

EMILIE.—At your age a certain deference to the wishes of your relatives is not only becoming but advisable. By such means you get time for consideration. You should, we think, give your aunt credit for wishing you well and for possessing a better knowledge of human nature than yourself. Think the matter over; you might be right.

MAKRA.—The name Edward means "Guardian of Happiness; Sarah means "a Princess." Dried lavender flowers, placed in drawers or boxes where linen or handkerchiefs are kept imbue these articles with a pleasant perfume. Ordinary pomade is made by mutton suet and lard mixed together in the proportion of one ounce of the former to three ounces of the latter. These fats are

carefully melted together; during the melting you skim constantly in order to remove impurities, and you perfume by the addition of about one-eighth of an ounce of bergamot, more or less. Glycerine should be allowed to remain on the place to which it is applied as long as possible.

ATHENS.—1. In addition to handwriting and orthography, both of which you seem to be proficient in, some knowledge of geography, English history and arithmetic as far as vulgar fractions would be required. 2 and 4. Promotion depends principally upon the individual's ability and something upon opportunity or good fortune, neither of which it is possible to foretell. 3. You will find a list in the London Directory; to reprint it here would trespass upon our space too much.

E. A. S.—1 and 2. Astrology is an exploded science and consequently now out of repute. It is not improbable that in these days the practice of astrology would be held to be within the statute 5 Geo. 4, c. 81, which enacts that persons using any subtle craft, means, or device, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive his majesty's subjects are to be deemed rogues and vagabonds and to be punished with imprisonment with hard labour. 3. Elizabeth means "a worshipper of God." The handwriting is good. 5. Asine means "Good-will."

M. T. A.—1.—Your ode to Spring will scarcely pass muster. It does not do very well to apostrophize the little birds as "creation's lords." 2. We don't know the quotation in the form in which you put it. In one of his imitations of Horace, Dryden wrote the following lines:

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
Who can call to-day his own,
He who, secure within, can say
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day."

LOVE'S ALARMS.

I met Love down by the spring,
One morning in early May,
And the poor boy wept till his eyes grew dim,
While his bow on the greensward lay.

Why sorrow, dear Cupid, I cried,
When there are many hearts still young?
Why waste your time in such useless tears?
And why is your bow unstrung?

Though hearts are young, said the boy,
They have grown so many and cold
That I never shall wound a single one
Till my arrow is tipped with gold.

Oh! what can a poor dog do
That is under old Mammon's curse?
Who claims but the feathers upon his back,
And never has owned a purse?

I mingled my tears with his
As I lifted his prostrate bow,
And saw it safe in his dimpled hands
As he sadly turned to go.

I begged for a parting gift,
When the archer sweetly laughed,
And sent from his bow to my quivering heart
A swift, unerring shaft.

Never meddle with Love's alarms,
Never trust to his fair deceit,
If you'd keep your heart still fancy free,
When the winged rogue you meet.

M. A. K.

ANOTHER VERY CONSTANT READER.—In saving small sums of money it is a good plan in the first instance to deposit five-pound notes, or sovereigns, or coins of less value, in a post-office savings-bank. When you have reached the limit allowed by the authorities take out your money, and with it purchase what are called "Consols." You will require a city man called "a broker" to effect this last transaction for you, and mind you select a respectable broker. Then, having made your investment in Consols, you can place the dividend you receive from them and all your other spare shillings and five-pound notes in the savings-bank as before, draw it out as before, and so on. You ask about limit. There is none for an ordinary person. We daresay that in the city they will be able, for some time to come, at least, to sell you as many Consols as you wish to buy.

A. B.—1. The Germans are not considered to be favourably inclined to early marriage, except the parties concerned have a reasonable fortune. 2. By the present German law a man in Germany about to marry requires his father's consent only before the completion of his twenty-fifth year, the twenty-fourth being the fixed term for a woman; the mother's consent, in both cases, is only necessary after the father's death. There is a right of appeal from the parents' decision to the Civil Court. Amongst other important provisions of this new law relating to marriage in Germany the following may interest you: "Women who have been previously married, whether their marriage is dissolved by death or divorce, may not marry again before the expiration of the tenth month after the cessation of the previous marriage. Military officers may only marry with the consent of their Sovereign, unless in possession of a fortune, but the marriage of such officers, though contracted without Royal assent, is valid. Civil registration alone suffices to legalize a marriage while no religious ceremony is valid without it. Catholic priests, monks and nuns may now marry with impunity, the same laws which so long prevented them, being tacitly abolished by the new statute."

TRISTAN.—The verses you have sent about the Battle of Sedan are the product of great ability, and might have been considered admirable in their way had it not been for the mode in which they refer to blades, and pools of blood, and similar horrors. Whether before you wrote you had been reading German, and had thus got your mind saturated with Germanic expressions of strength, the literal translation of which into English is inartistic, we cannot of course, tell. But to an English mind the idea of Von Moltke telling his followers that if they lost the battle they would go to Hades is not simply repulsive but is completely incongruous and inconsistent. Von Moltke would stimulate by far nobler expressions than this, while his compatriots would be as

little incited by this fear as they would be goaded into action by the savage notion that they were going "Onward through pools of Franchmen's blood." It should be remembered that the Germans not only fought as civilized men, but proved their civilization by the way in which they fought. We cannot but think that the passages containing such sentiments as we have just referred to are as much removed from good taste as from correctness, and that they spoil verses otherwise very good indeed.

R. H. E. R.—1.—An ordinary licence to marry costs about fifty shillings. No licence will be granted to marry in any church or chapel unless one of the parties has had his or her usual place of abode in the parish to which such church or chapel belongs for fifteen days immediately preceding the time at which application for the licence is made. 2. Notice of an intention to marry by the superintendent registrar's certificate without licence is to be entered by the superintendent registrar (who is to be entitled to the fee of one shilling for the entry) into a book called "The Marriage Notice Book," which is to be open at all reasonable times to the inspection of the public without fee. In this notice is included a declaration that there is no impediment of kindred or alliance or other lawful hindrance to the marriage, and that both the persons about to marry have for the space of seven days immediately preceding had their usual place of abode and residence within the district of the superintendent registrar to whom the notice is given. This notice is exhibited by the registrar in some conspicuous place in his office during twenty-one successive days next after the day when it was entered in the "Marriage Notice Book." These twenty-one days having expired, without the marriage having been forbidden by any one authorized to do so, the next step is to obtain a certificate of the notice to marry having been duly entered. For this certificate the fee of one shilling is charged. The marriage may take place immediately the certificate is issued, or at any time afterwards not exceeding three calendar months from the entry of the notice.

TAZONI, thirty-two, medium height, in a good position as clerk, desires to correspond with any lady of independent means with a view to matrimony.

EMMA, seventeen, fair and pretty, would like to correspond with a respectable young man with a view to matrimony; he should be dark, tall and good looking.

H. G. H., thirty-two, 5ft. 10in., good looking, in a good position, fond of music and home, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

LOVELY MAET, a widow, thirty-four, no children, very domesticated and fond of home, would like to correspond with a respectable tradesman about forty; she thinks she would make a loving wife.

LILY and RUTH wish to correspond with two steady mechanics, tall, of loving dispositions, fond of home and from twenty-four to thirty. "Lily" is medium height, good tempered, fond of home and would make a loving wife. "Ruth" is tall, fair, good tempered and domesticated.

EDITH and VIOLET, two cousins, wish to correspond with two friends with a view to matrimony. "Edith" is twenty-six and "Violet" twenty-three, both have light hair and dark eyes and are domesticated, good tempered and would make good wives to respectable tradesmen.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

TWELVE-TON GUN is responded to by—"N. B." twenty-two, tall, very fond of sailors; would make a loving wife; is fair, but neither particularly good or bad looking.

S. by—"Lonely Annie," twenty, 5ft. 6in., has dark hair and hazel eyes, good looking, very domesticated and would make a home happy by her presence.

JASMINE by—"D. S." thirty-eight, 5ft. 10in., at work in the Dockyard, Portsmouth, of steady habits and excellent character.

TRUE AS STEEL by—"E. N." twenty, 5ft. 4in., blue eyes, light hair, very fond of the stage and would like to travel. Can play and sing well and is considered pretty.

JACK'S THE LAD by—"Maria," seventeen, medium height, dark brown hair and eyes, fond of home, loving, good looking, very fond of a sailor and could make a home comfortable.

JESSIE by—"Felix," twenty-three, 5ft. 10in., book-keeper, with corresponding income to hers, a Protestant, total abstainer, musical, good tempered and fond of home.

ASH BUCKLEY by—"C. R. S." twenty-one, dark, loving, fond of home and sure she could love a soldier; and by—"Minnie L.," twenty-two, medium height, fond of home, well educated and has a little money. She would make a true and loving wife.

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